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A SLAIN LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Ah, the Autumn-days fade out and the nights grow chill,
And we walk no more together as we used of yore,
When the rose was new in blossom, and the sun was on the hill,
And the eves were sweetly vocal with the happy whip-poor will,
And the land-breeze piped its sweetest by the ocean shore.

I shall twine no more the blossoms in the fragrance of her hair,
We shall share no more the music of the sad sea-wave,
We shall walk no more together as we used to there;
If I wander by the ocean then, she will not know or care—
On the land or on the water there is nothing I may save.

I shall hear no voice of sweetness like the cooing of a dove;
If I listen, naught will answer—I shall listen in vain.
On the earth, or in the waters, or in heaven far above,
There is nothing more remaineth, for my love has slain my love,
But a moan the ocean beareth like a moan of pain.

So I call: "Come back, O Summer, and bring back the faded hours!
The hours that now have vanished adown the past."
But the flowers they all are withered, oh, the happy Summer flowers!
And the leaflets they are scattered by the dreary Autumn showers,
And my voice is faint and hollow upon the blast.

Oh, the wet leaves they are beaten by the tempest to the ground,
With their beauty gone, and sodden, they have lain,
And the tempest whirls and sigheth with a dreary, mournful sound,
Like a sigh from out the deepest of the very depths profound;
It is sighing for a dead love that lies slain.

THE NORTHGATE MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

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CHAPTER IV.—THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

It was now very late indeed—the dead waste and middle of the night, as Shakespeare so finely expresses it—and Bella Meredith sat in the little parlor of the cottage quite alone.

The wind had ceased without, and the quiet was intense, broken only, now and then, by the sputtering of the fire. Around the room still hung the fragrance of the recent merry-making; but the bowl and glasses had been removed and the apartment tidied a little by Bella, who had that strong feeling towards disorder which possesses some people and makes it unendurable; and by the table the young lady sat with the lamp at her elbow, and in her hand the same shabby little copy of "The Rivals," with its dog-ears and pages pencilled all over with stage-business. And, sitting thus, pretty Bella read, and in a sort of way studied. She had that useful faculty in the theatrical profession described as a quick study, and usually the process of memorizing was short. But to-night Sheridan's lines had given her some trouble. Her mind wandered from the leaves before her, and, somehow, the words she tried to master slipped from her grasp. In spite of herself, she could *not* fix her attention.

With a sigh, at last, and a little toss of the head, she leaned back, vexed, and looked drearily at the fire, thinking of the speeches which had eluded her, and then of other things—of people—of Ravenswood.

Handsome fellow! Strange—mysterious—so different from anyone she had ever met. What was that he had said?—"There is no one I like so well to play opposite to"—and he meant her. She recalled many a scene she had acted with him, and acted her best, and he had noticed it and was pleased. Handsome Charles Ravenswood, with his reckless gayety and bitter melancholy, and all the lights and shadows of the unfathomable and romantic, which made his character so marked and original.

Listlessly she touched the book again and turned the pages, looking on them with a sort of disgust. "I can never get this miserable part into my head," and she cast it aside again, and at this moment there was a sudden noise at the window.

Bella Meredith was far from being a nervous girl. She got up instantly and crossed the room, and stood at the window listening. The shutter was shaken again, not loudly, but by a strong hand, cautiously. She raised the sash and asked:

"Who's there?"

"Let me in quietly, Bella—don't lose a minute, for God's sake!"

She turned pale. The voice she recognized instantly, and, walking quickly to the door, opened it. Ravenswood entered.

Pallid was his dark face and disordered his dress, and he breathed quickly, like a man who had been running. His burning eyes searched the room hastily and he said in a low voice:

"You are quite alone, Bella? Thank Heaven! Don't be frightened at me. I'll speak to you presently," and he threw himself into a chair and held his hand over his forehead.

"What has happened?" she asked, watching him with a wild stare. He, so odd always, was he mad in reality, and this an ebullition of his disease?

"Bella," he said, starting again to his feet, "give me something—wine—anything—and I can talk to you better. It will not take long, but it is—it is important," and he took her hand. "You look like a girl who could be trusted—and I must trust someone."

He scanned her face with a wild glance, and asked again for the wine.

She gave him a stronger drink, which he swallowed hastily, and as he raised his arm she saw on his shirt-cuff something that appalled her. He read this fact in the horror of her face.

"Don't be afraid, my girl. I will tell you everything. It is fate that you should know it."

He came back and stood by her, tall and weird, with some undefinable suggestion of the evil-angelic about him, which both won and repelled her.

"Bella, something singular has happened—the worst that *could* happen for some—and the secret is mine until you share it. Thank Heaven you had that part to study to-night! You have seen the blood on the sleeve here—well, do you swear never to reveal what I shall tell you?"

He seized her hand between both his and held it tight, and bent his stern gaze upon her face, like a mesmerist. She did not answer; but he went on, and now in a whisper, after looking cautiously about the room, he told her what had happened.

"What will you do?" she asked when he had finished, after a half-minute's stillness.

"I can do nothing without help, and I need yours. I have noticed you many times, child, when you did not imagine it, and I thought I saw in your face courage, caution, fidelity, power, and other qualities which might be useful in time of need. I require all these, and you can serve me if you choose to be my friend."

"Why should *I* be such a friend?" she asked, with a curious light on her face and trembling slightly, as if a strange thought had just occurred to her.

This had evidently not occurred to him—that he had no earthly claim upon her for any services, much less the dangerous one he needed.

"Well, you may ask me what you choose in return," he said.

"I may?" she echoed quickly and still tremulously. "We will make a compact with each other."

"A compact, yes," he returned.

"Then—then —" she hesitated, with flushed cheeks and a strange mixture of shyness and daring in her eyes—"I will keep your secret, and will serve you in any manner you may ask—for this price, Charles Ravenswood —you—you must marry me!"

He shrank back astounded.

"You hate me now for saying it!" she cried, with both hands extended, as if trying to recall the startling words she had uttered.

"I don't understand," he murmured, greatly puzzled, as if not quite sure he had heard aright.

"No, you do not understand, nor have I understood the truth in full until within these last few moments. I love—you—I love you!" and she hid her face in her hands, crying silently.

He *did* perceive now, and, approaching, drew her to him.

"My child, this is a great misfortune for us both, I am afraid," he said tenderly, smoothing her pretty, light hair.

"I can make you mine, and I will not lose you," she answered, clinging to him. "You need true and mighty service now, and you shall have mine to death itself, if need be; but I must be rewarded. You hate me already."

"No; I swear that is not true, Bella—but—but how can it be? You hardly know me; you are misled by some fancy."

"I am not misled, but see clearly for the first time."

"We will not speak further of it to-night, because you know how precious time is. What has happened may be discovered at any moment. Assist me now, and we will talk of the rest to-morrow. You must get on your things and come with me."

She freed herself from him.

"No. I shall not stir one step until we have concluded this treaty. The time for delicacy is past, Charles. I love you—oh! so much. It is no sudden thing; but I did not suspect. I could not study to-night for thinking of you. I have felt so miserable lately, without knowing until to-night why. You have bewitched my senses somehow—you are so handsome—godlike—and your touch thrills me. You can never get rid of me now; I have you in my power, and you must be my husband, darling."

"This is madness, Bella. I can't think what has come over you, my girl. You will see how different everything will be to-morrow—to-morrow!—it is almost here," he added, with a sudden terror, "and still you stand parleying."

"He won't stir, I suppose. How came you to let it get on your sleeve?"

"It was all so sudden that I could not help; but that will all be taken care of. I have the whole plan for the future formed perfectly. Come, get on your things, and let us go at once."

"You swear to—do what I asked?"

"Bella, you *must* be mad."

"So I may be; but I shall not change."

He reflected a moment, and then with an effort took her hand.

"Surely you will regret this—but there—be it so—I will marry you."

Without another word she stole softly from the room, and quickly returned, now dressed for outdoors. Then, lowering the light, she led the way from the house through the front garden and into the deserted street.

Ravenswood followed her in a strange dream, and side by side they set forth, after he had indicated the direction, walking quickly.

Day was breaking when Bella Meredith returned to her father's cottage—the cold gray dawn of Winter. She looked haggard and pale, and yet her countenance was strangely bright.

Putting away her wraps again, she opened the shutters and extinguished the lamp, and then, having replenished the fire, she took up her position by the window, and sat looking out as the morning brightened and the street began to show signs of life.

She was thinking. Ravenswood had told her his plans, and her quick mind had already shaped many details. But beyond these thoughts was the one greater than all, that one day she was to be his wife.

When Fred Meredith came down he found his daughter in a sound sleep on the sofa, with a smile on her face. He kissed her softly, afraid lest the touch of his lips should wake her.

"Poor little thing!" he said, with a fond smile on his fat face. "What ambition she has! A whole night preparing for a single part, which she may not play more than once; but I wager everything I have that she will play it well."

The part she had now to play was difficult, indeed.

CHAPTER V.—A DISAPPEARANCE.

Captain Northgate, than whom no man was more irregular, had at least always been tolerably punctual in matters where his affianced was concerned. He paid his respects, for example, every day about noon, although these visits were, I dare say, dry enough, and he would have much preferred the society of old Captain Marlings, with his bluster and profanity and incomprehensible sea-slang, or boozy Tom Manning, at Potter's Billiard-rooms. Rhoda might have excused him; but Mrs. Thurlow was relentless, and maintained an awful exactness in her dealings, and was no more accustomed to waiting, or other trifling, than Louis XIV.

There was consequently some surprise next morning, about ten o'clock, when a note dated from Potter's Billiard-rooms arrived by messenger, which read as follows:

MY DEAREST RHODA: I am called suddenly away, and so suddenly that I have not time to explain in this; but you shall hear from me again as soon as I alight where there are pen and ink.

Very faithfully yours, CYRIL.

The messager stated that this missive had been left at the billiard-rooms the night before. Rhoda read it, smiled, and gave it to her mother, with the remark:

"One of Cyril's freaks."

"Cool, upon my word," said the elder lady. "I don't know by what process of reasoning Captain Northgate expects us to endure these freaks. The idea of his going away in this manner upon the very eve of his marriage. Is there a horse-race anywhere that you know of, or any other amusement of the kind favored by your cousin?"

Miss Thurlow was of course not very well up in the current sporting events, and could not say; so the subject for the time ended.

A day or two elapsed without anything further from the Captain. Mrs. Thurlow searched the papers for some account of the horse-race which she felt sure had beguiled him from his duty; but nothing of the kind was chronicled—such matters, indeed, were rather out of season, although the good lady was not aware of this—and so two or three more days slipped by, and still Captain Northgate did not reappear.

It was a little puzzling, even of Cyril, and Rhoda, while not admitting any anxiety, felt a certain degree of curiosity as to what could detain her lover. Mrs. Thurlow thought such conduct outrageous—simply unparalleled. The Doctor was put in motion, and his inquiries developed that not even the people at Potter's establishment knew anything of Captain Northgate's movements beyond the fact of his having left the town.

Meanwhile the preparations for the very quiet wedding that was to be went on as before, and that the missing man would turn up ultimately, and as suddenly as he had vanished, was considered beyond a doubt.

Rhoda's manner was unchanged—serene, smiling, and a stranger might even have said indifferent. Still, more than once there must have occurred to her memory that very curious conversation held with her lover on the night she had last seen him. She recalled his words very distinctly:

"I don't know that it would be the worst luck for you if I should take it into my head at the last moment to back out altogether and run away." Also those mysterious intimations: "If a man should discover that he would be acting the villain to marry, what could he do but withdraw, and so absolutely as to make the affair impossible?"

For a man by no means given to the melodramatic this last speech was certainly odd. But how could Cyril have placed himself in the danger of acting the villain, unless he had a wife already?—at the mere idea of which the young lady smiled. Or could he have meant that he was not enough in love with her? This was still more ridiculous. He had never pretended to be very much so, and under any circumstances a sentimental delicacy of this kind was something quite beyond his power of feeling or comprehending. So, if he really had run off to escape the marriage, it was only because he dreaded the bore of apologies and explanations, and the particularly dreadful ordeal of encountering her mother with these miserable substitutes for the performance of his engagement.

Cyril Northgate had lost both his parents early, and had been reared by his "grandma," as he called her, who loved him devotedly, and from whom he had great and very just expectations. He was very fond of her in his turn; but spent her money and gave her constant anxiety, and, it is to be feared, kept her a good deal in the dark about himself and his doings.

She was, however, fully informed with regard to the marriage he contemplated, and, having investigated, approved highly.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, ACTRESS.

To this old lady—Mrs. Mason—Dr. Thurlow, at the suggestion of his wife, wrote: Cyril had suddenly left Deddington, on the very eve of his marriage almost, without explanation beyond the brief note, which was inclosed, and his departure and subsequent silence up to date had properly given rise to some anxiety. In the condition of his health at the time of his disappearance, it was natural to suppose that he had grown so much worse that writing was impossible; otherwise his absence at so grave a period was inexplicable. Possibly he had gone directly to Mrs. Mason's, and was at that moment under her affectionate care. And so on, this communication ran, as dictated by Mrs. Thurlow, and certainly not in terms the Doctor would have used had he been left to his own inspiration.

But without delay there came Mrs. Mason's reply, in cramped, tremulous handwriting and agitated language. She had heard nothing from Cyril, and expressed great alarm at his extraordinary proceeding, and could not but agree with Dr. Thurlow that he was lying ill somewhere, and incapable of communicating with his friends.

"There, you see," said Mrs. Thurlow at breakfast on the morning of the arrival of this letter; "she takes the only rational view of the subject. I am so glad now that I trusted to my own judgment and wrote to her."

"Well, I am very sorry, mamma," replied Rhoda, "because I think you have frightened the old lady. Living quite alone, and knowing nothing of the ways of young men in general, and of Cyril in particular, she imagines the worst."

"I am not certain how we should proceed under the circumstances of this extraordinary disappearance; but it certainly appears to me little short of imbecility to sit still and do nothing. There are some very gossipy people in Deddington, and the intended marriage was not, I suppose, entirely a secret —"

"No, mamma," smiled Rhoda with provoking coolness. "I don't think there is a soul in the town who was not aware of what was in contemplation as fully as ourselves months and months ago."

"People will talk—perhaps are talking already," pursued the elder lady. "Altogether, I can't fancy a more disagreeable situation than ours, my dear. I presume you are as sensitive as the rest of the world to ridicule."

"Everyone may laugh who chooses," said Rhoda with indifference. "The return of Cyril will not stop gossip now."

There was something in her daughter's tone which startled Mrs. Thurlow, and she sat upright suddenly and fixed her prominent black eyes on the young lady's serene countenance, awaiting more.

"He can make some sort of explanation, I suppose."

"The clearest, no doubt; but that will not alter anything."

"I don't understand, Rhoda."

Even the old Doctor displayed some interest in the conversation at this point.

"I have simply changed my mind," said Rhoda, with great distinctness. "I do not intend to marry Captain Northgate."

"Rhoda!"

"I am in earnest, and the resolution is unalterable. I see now what a folly I was on the brink of. I don't think I shall ever marry anyone."

"You are angry with him, dear," said Mrs Thurlow, almost breathless with consternation. "This is merely the action of—of indignation and wounded pride."

"Of serious reflection, I assure you, mamma. Two people more unsuited to each other than Cyril and myself could hardly be found, I venture to think, in the whole world."

"Up on my word, you are late in finding it out—and—and—but, as I said, your pride is hurt, darling, and you are very angry with him; and try properly, I must admit; but then we must not let passion run away with reason. Withdrawal is now simply impossible. I do not pretend to excuse Cyril; but we must not condemn him unheard. He is ill, poor fellow, somewhere, and perhaps delirious, and unable to communicate with those who are dearest to him. I think so, and his grandma, who knows him still better, thinks so, and —"

"I do not believe he is ill, mamma," returned Rhoda obstinately.

"What *do* you believe, then?"

"I—I don't know; but I certainly shall never marry him."

Mrs. Thurlow looked helplessly at her husband. The Doctor had ceased his breakfast to listen, and now, perceiving that he was appealed to, said:

"Well, my child, if you have altered your mind about marrying him, there is nothing further—we must simply acquiesce."

"Acquiesce!" cried his wife in a little shriek. "Doctor Thurlow, *can* you leave your books for a moment and consider the step you speak of in the light of the world's reason?"

"I am not willing to see her made miserable," replied the Doctor rather doggedly; "and, all things considered, I regard Cyril's departure as probably very fortunate. I may say now, since we are upon the subject, that I never thoroughly approved of the match. Cyril Northgate is not a desirable husband, I think, for a girl like Rhoda—foolish, ill-mannered, of loose habits—all sorts of objections."

"But his position—his expectations —"

"His position is that of captain in the army; but there are, unfortunately, a good many captains in the army, and the rank is by no means singular. And, as for his expectations, I suppose Mrs. Mason will leave him her money; but I don't care about money, and I don't think Rhoda does." He spoke warmly, and even tapped the table with the handle of his knife.

A silence followed. Rhoda's eyes sparkled with amusement and triumph; it was a novelty to see papa take a position. Mrs. Thurlow groaned.

"Then it is all over, I suppose," she said at last. "We shall afford a pretty spectacle for the town for the remainder of the year. I shall no dare show my face for the rest of my life."

"I shall certainly not hide mine," laughed Rhoda. "I have taken a resolution that my reason tells me I shall never regret, and I don't believe I ever felt happier than now that I have proclaimed it."

CHAPTER VI.—WINGED WORDS.

Captain Northgate's extraordinary evanishment had certainly created some surprise and speculation in the town of Deddington, where everybody's affairs were managed in common, and where that gallant officer was so well known.

Ravenswood had been in his company last. The actor's account of their movements on the night of Northgate's disappearance was very simple. They had spent an hour together after leaving Fred Meredith's cottage, and Northgate had confided to him that he was about to leave Deddington for a short absence upon some private business, the nature of which he did not state. The call was unexpected, and, he hinted, of a peculiar and delicate character, but would not give more explicit particulars. At the billiard-room, which was about closing, the note addressed to Miss Thurlow was written under the proprietor's eye. Nothing unusual had been noticed in the Cyril's demeanor as he left the saloon with his friend, and Ravenswood stated that they had gone to the railway-station immediately, where Northgate took the train.

Charles Ravenswood did not seem very much concerned at his friend's mysterious departure.

"He has led an irregular life for years," he said frankly, "as nearly everyone knows, and may have got himself into an entanglement. I could have known everything had I chosen to receive his confidence; but I make it a rule never to meddle with the secrets of other people. I am very nearly sure he has gone to New York, and will reappear here as suddenly as he departed. Something of really momentous character took him away. He looked troubled, and told me he had something on his mind, and I suspect now that his design in calling for me at Meredith's was to unbosom himself. Unluckily, as it turns out, I was not in a gracious mood, and resolutely evaded all his attempts at disclosure. For Miss Thurlow I am extremely sorry. He had treated her with gross disrespect. She must love him devotedly indeed to forgive such treatment."

Ravenswood spoke with scarcely concealed contempt of the fugitive, and people inferred that he thought Miss Thurlow had in reality made a lucky escape.

Meanwhile this attractive player, the source of much interest among the townspeople, who, like Bolingbroke, could not stir but he was wondered at, and could not speak without hushing all voices else, went about his own business in his usual way. Nightly he appeared at the theatre, alternating his characters between the serious and the sad, turning from tragedy to comedy at will, and always maintaining the enthusiasm of his audience.

In the day he went very little abroad, and even when he did so it was to take long walks in the country, always quite alone. He was supposed to be an incessant student, and many a beautiful, bright eye saddened when it was suggested that he was killing himself by this intense application.

Mrs. Dobbles, his landlady, was the authority for some queer gossip about him. In mellow and communicative moods she was always voluble about her handsome lodger; but her stories were so strange that I don't think they were much credited. A bitter temper he had, she averred, and savage and black moods, when no one durst go nigh him; at other times no one could be more delightful; altogether, a gentleman difficult to be understood, very uncertain, but with a good, natural disposition, which had become embittered-like. She did not think he liked anybody much, nor their company, and hated his own only less than others. He often frightened her by asking, with a sneering, sarcastic laugh, what she would do if some morning she should come to his room and find that he had committed suicide; but she was sure it was only his fun, for, when she had begun to cry, as she could not help doing at such a dreadful suggestion, he had always laughed it off, and called her a simpleton and given her money.

The popular notion that he was an intense student she stoutly denied, and avowed that he hated his books, often stopping, as he came in, with a volume in his hand, to say something like:

"Mrs. Dobbles, did you see this? It's a play, ma'am, by a fellow called Sheridan Knowles, and the title of it is 'The Hunchback.' Some people pretend to find touches of genius in it; but hark ye—here's a secret: the play's rubbish, and the author was a fool. Poor devils of actors like me have to cram this stuff into their heads and spout it to an audience of idiots who pretend to go into ecstasy over it, but are in reality bored to death. Remember that, Mrs. Dobbles, when you are in genteel company and hear them go wild over the beautiful poetry of 'The Hunchback' and the exquisite acting of Charley Ravenswood as Sir Thomas Clifford."

"I don't think he be altogether right in his head at times," the good lady always concluded. "But a better heart nobody ever had, and a gentleman he is all over; but I think it's too much reading, and thinking, and living by himself as has hurt his mind."

Ravenswood doubtless would have laughed at this portrait of himself; but it must be owned that, for a rough sketch, it had some points of truth. He was now upon one of those solitary and apparently objectless rambles which so mystified the curious, and had been sauntering about the country in the neighborhood of Deddington for nearly two hours. As he re-entered the town by the main street and passed Fred Meredith's cottage, he saw Bella at the window. A gesture over so slight passed between them—was it a signal? Ravenswood turned, and, walking up the pathway of the little garden, entered the house. At the instant the door closed behind him, and he stood alone with Bella, his manner changed.

"There is no one about?" he said in a low voice. "I am very tired, and it seemed that the time would never roll round," he added, a little crossly, and threw himself into a chair with an air of dejection and fatigue.

Bella looked at him a moment strangely. How altered were their relations, and in so short a while. But as she watched his handsome face, downcast, moody, his eyes studying the floor in dark apathy, what unutterable love and devotion shone in her own.

So for that brief interval this picture existed, and then was dissolved. She went over to him and laid a finger on his shoulder.

"The letter is written," she said.

He started from his reverie instantly, lifting his head, and as his glance met hers he smiled.

"How disagreeable you must think me, Bella; but I *am* tired—quite done up. How I wish—but there!—what is the use of wishing now? So the letter is written, you say—where is it?"

She drew from her bosom a paper sheathed in an envelope, and gave it to him, and he rose and went over to the window, where he examined it long and intently.

"Excellent," he said, returning. "A masterpiece. You are the cleverest little girl in the world."

She colored, as always, at his praise; and he did not dream what pleasure those words, which cost him so little, and not even remembrance after they were uttered, gave. He was busy, on the contrary, with ruminations, not altogether apart from the letter, but of a different character. Suddenly he said:

"And about visiting those friends of yours?"

"I have told papa, and of course nothing could have surprised him more; but it is settled that I am to go, and whenever I choose. He thinks, in fact, that I could not do better, and that I have nearly destroyed myself with overwork. Poor papa! he loves me so, and has such faith in me, and it is so humiliating to deceive him."

Her face was full of a keen pain as she spoke, and Ravenswood took her hand.

"We must not think of that, Bella. All this, you see, is a mere piece of—what shall I say?—diplomacy; and if we practice deception, it is necessary, and therefore harmless. It is even a good work—one of those intrigues where the end justifies the means. You are making sacrifices; but think of mine. And it is all so different with me—all pure *self*-sacrifice; for where do *I* gain anything, either now or remotely?"

He watched her intently and with a sort of shrewdness, as if trying to divine her real thoughts.

"I have already confessed," she said, "that I do not understand such complete self-sacrifice. You have spoken of motives; but they are not the kind which stir people to ——"

"Sublime actions," he laughed; "and consequently all this is pure heroism."

There was a kind of mockery in his laughter, which I believe frightened her somewhat.

"It is difficult to believe in such heroism—at least for people who know the selfishness of the world," she answered coldly. "But I trust you blindly, and, though I follow your directions implicitly, I confess that every step I take seems a further progress in a drama of sentimental folly."

"Bella! Then why don't you withdraw?" It is not too late, but will soon be so."

"All your appeals, then, on that miserable night were—what were they? I don't know. I know nothing of what is really at the bottom of this. There could not be a deeper piece of villainy than to trifle with me, knowing what you do."

"You mean your little confession? I did not dream that, at all events, Bella. As to my appeals, a man all nerves like me, with the different agitations of that night, might say and do much that he would not hold himself responsible for in cooler moments."

She walked to the other side of the room and sat down, with her back to him. He knew she was crying.

After a while he rose and went over to her, and, placing his hand on her shoulder, leaned down, his face almost touching hers.

"Bella, don't mind me, if you value your peace of mind," he said earnestly. "I believe I am half mad sometimes. All sorts of strange moods come over me, inexplicable to myself, and more so to others. I do things without knowing why—follow the wildest impulses of the moment—and, when I acted as I did that night, it was upon one of those impulses. But I swear I shall not go back, whatever happens, because I believe it was fatality; and I swear that I will keep my word with you."

He kissed her, and at the same moment the door opened and a new figure appeared on the scene—Joe Butts the comedian.

He certainly had interrupted a very tender situation, but was the most disconcerted of the three. He blushed and turned pale, and perhaps was on the point of retreating; but Ravenswood, with his cynical enjoyment of the ludicrous, even when it told upon himself, stood up with a burst of mocking laughter, and the comedian, hot and flushed and a good deal irritated, lingered, ill at ease.

"I hope I—I hope I am not in the way," he said, with a black look in Bella's direction. "I should have knocked, but—but was thinking of something else ——"

"Ghosts," interjected Ravenswood. "I at first took you for a spirit, my dear Joe, I assure you. You were about the last person I expected to see."

"H'm. No doubt," said Joe dryly.

"Miss Bella and I had had a little—not quite a quarrel, but a misunderstanding—and I was trying to make it up; and, breaking in upon so sentimental a tableau as we must have presented, I suppose you at once concluded it was a lovers' quarrel. Well, Miss Meredith, are we friends again?"

Joe Butts saw him nudge her arm slightly, and his fat face grew rounder, and his little, black eyes snapped restlessly.

"Of course we are friends," said Bella, turning with a smile. "You make a great deal out of nothing—and—and I wish you would go, for I am tired of you, and would like to talk with Joe. I think he is the most sensible and truest friend I have."

She looked at the comedian, her smile still brighter, but he did not respond; the gravity of his fat countenance was more funereal than ever.

"So I am dismissed," said Ravenswood with a mock bow, "and not very tenderly, either; but I resent nothing. I withdraw instantly, as ordered."

And so, with another low bow, that handsome apparition vanished, and Bella Meredith's smile died away in spite of herself at the same moment.

"I suppose I may take a seat, Bella," said Joe Butts, breaking the silence that succeeded, and availing himself of the tacit permission accorded. And another embarrassing pause followed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH,

who has created so favorable an impression in this city and elsewhere since her arrival in this country, made her first appearance on the stage in Sussex, Eng., when only fifteen years of age. Aug. 31, 1863, she made her London debut in the New Royalty Theatre, which had been known to amateurs as "Miss Kelly's Theatre," and was then opened by Mrs. Charles Selby. Miss Cavendish acted Selina Scroggs in an extravaganza entitled "The Pirates of Putney." During the following September she played Venus in "Ixion," and during its long run she attracted considerable attention. Her next character was the more important one of the Princess Superb in "Rumplestiltskin." When Dr. Westland Marston's "Hero of Romance" was produced in the Haymarket Theatre she acted a character in which it was at once seen that her capabilities had loftier pretensions than could be developed in burlesque. In January, 1869, she increased her reputation by an excellent performance of Mrs. Pinchbeck in "Home," and made a greater success by subsequently acting Pia dei Tolomei in "Put to the Test." When the late Walter Montgomery opened the Gaiety Theatre, in August, 1871, Miss Cavendish was engaged to play the leading business. In March, 1872, she was engaged at the Court Theatre; and at the close of that year she made her first venture in management, opening the Olympic Theatre with "The New Magdalen," which ran the entire season, and in which she acted Mercy Merrick. This drama was then played during a provincial tour, and was reproduced at the Charing Cross Theatre, London, in 1874. Miss Cavendish made her American debut in the Broadway Theatre, this city, acting the same character, Sept. 9 last, and our engraving represents her in that character.

A TOMBSTONE in the Island of Jamaica has the following inscription: "Here lieth the body of Lewis Galdy Esq., who died on the 22d day of September, 1737, aged eighty. He was born at Montpelier, in France, which place he left for his religion, and settled on this island, where, in the great earthquake, 1692, he was swallowed up, and, by the wonderful providence of God, by a second shock, was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming until he was taken up by a boat, and thus miraculously preserved. He afterwards lived in great reputation, and died universally lamented."

DAME NATURE AND THE SEASONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE DOCTOR.

The Autumn leaves, like "cast-off duds,"
Are being gathered in;
Dame Nature, like Dame Fashion, stands
Stripped "plumb down to the skin,"
Awaiting her old "dressing maid"
To quickly come and throw
Around her form her "Winter suit"
Of white furs, made of snow.

And as she trembling stands the while,
With blemishes revealed,
She seems the model of all "frauds,"
Most beautifully "peeled"
Of all those gay and flashy "rags"
That dazzle and beguile;
But when she dons her icy robes,
Then, rosy-cheeked, she'll "smile."

Yes, smile again: but then that "smile"
Will no more be a "grape"—
Rude Summer's languid yawn and grin
Will take another "shape;"
For soon she'll wear a fresh'ning bloom,
A ringing laugh and "gait,"
Chock full of "gay old sleigh-ridings"
And "oyster-suppers" late.

The music of the festive halls
Her bosom then will thrill,
And, as her veins with "Old Tom" glow,
Her soul will drink its fill
Of Love's "Hot Punch" and "Life's Heidsieck,"
Until, with bated breath,
She "thaws her out" of Winter's arms,
To hug "young Spring" to death.

Show Squibs.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY F. W.

In the letter from Spain in a recent issue of THE CLIPPER reference is made to Daniel Boone (now dubbed Col.) His name brings to mind a little incident which illustrates a quickness and nerve worthy of the great Daniel Boone himself, of whom the Colonel claims to be a direct descendant. When John Wilson came across the continent, in 1874, with his circus, Boone had charge of the door. While exhibiting in Virginia City, among the many who sought admittance was Jack ——, well known as scout, gambler, Indian-fighter, etc., a thoroughly bad man, and seldom opposed in anything he attempted. Putting a dose of cold lead into a man was as much amusement for him as smoking a cigar. He appeared at the entrance and attempted to pass in. Boone asked for his ticket. Jack, pulling out his revolver, replied:

"I go in here."

In an instant Boone's hands were busy. One grasped the hand holding the revolver, and the other affectionately fondled his throat. At the same time he said:

"If you go in there you want a ticket; you can purchase it right there," pointing to the ticket-wagon.

Jack put up his shooting-iron, bought his ticket, went in, and enjoyed the show; but it was the first time on record that he ever was known to "take water." Boone was as cool as though handling an infant, instead of a man ready to "let daylight through him." Jack shortly afterwards met a desperate and tragic death.

Monkeys very often exhibit a degree of understanding and reasoning almost human. The Gibbs Menagerie had one that, during the season, furnished a great deal of amusement for the company. "Cudg," as he was called, "knew as much as a man," and if anyone would only put a pipe in his mouth he was perfectly happy. One of the company, wishing to test his power of understanding, placed his watch to his ear. Cudg's eyes snapped, his teeth chattered, and he made an attempt to take the watch in his hands (?), as if to examine it. As the owner held the chain of the watch, he permitted him to take it, when the chain snapped and the watch disappeared (where everything else did) into Cudg's mouth, and it was only by vigorous choking that he was prevailed on to give it up. Late in the season, the manager fearing, as the weather was cold, that Cudg would fall a victim to that disease to which all good monkeys are subject, consumption, he had a small sheet-iron stove made, to be warmed by an oil-lamp. It was no sooner placed in the cage than Cudg and his companions formed themselves into an investigating committee to examine said stove; and they proceeded to force open the door and capture the lamp, but Cudg didn't attempt to swallow it. The door was then secured with several yards of wire; but it was no use—they succeeded in opening it again. Finally, Cudg commenced to cough and lose his appetite, and grew so thin that he could squeeze between the bars of his cage, which he did one day during the performance, and made his way across the canvas (a hundred-foot one) to the band, and seated himself in the lap of the clarionet-player, who had often favored him with "a whiff of the pipe." Poor Cudg never lived to prove, perhaps, that he was the missing link.

The Roman Brothers aspired to become gymnasts, and their engagements, although extremely brilliant, rarely extended beyond one night. They were playing such an engagement and were announced to astonish the audience with a trapeze act. As this was their second public appearance, their knowledge as to the manner in which tights, trunks, leotards, etc., should be put on was very limited; and on this occasion, instead of securing their tights in the usual and proper way, one of them drew them about him and secured them with a pin. They were to perform a trick which concluded by the man on the bar holding his partner by the legs, head down; they attempted it, but the strain was too much for the pin. "Biff!" away it went, and our gymnast went sailing out of his tights, with a prospect of doing a head-to-head balance with the orchestra leader. His partner's hands slipped until they came to his feet, and their size prevented their going through his hands. *They saved his life!*

A TRUE SNAKE-STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Snake stories have of late become so fashionable—especially since the New York Aquarium has unfolded for public inspection the resources of the reptile creation—that we have been tempted to publish the following, which can be vouched for by every member of the combination now traveling with W. J. Florence in "The Mighty Dollar."

On the night of their opening in Richmond, Va., in one of the small places dignified by the title of dressing-rooms, there stood the basket of W. J. Ferguson, well known in the theatrical world, and who has been long associated with the character of Lord Cairngorm, which he is now playing in the piece. The hour—by several watches, which, strange to say, agreed in this particular—was seven-fifteen when Mr. Ferguson entered his dressing-room for the purpose of "making-up." He was whistling a popular air, "Aunty, I Want to Come In," when suddenly, upoO opening his basket and raising the tray, the sweet notes died away, to be replaced by a very loud head-note, commonly called a shriek. With a crash the basket-lid fell; in an instant Mr. Ferguson was in the passage, and in another moment he wildly entered the room where Robert Hill and Frank Lamb were dressing and quietly discussing the Eastern question. Sinking into a chair, with another half-suppressed groan, Mr. Ferguson ejaculated:

"Bob, I haven't got them, but there's a snake in my basket."

This announcement was of course received with shouts of laughter, in which the other members of the company freely joined. But Ferguson was in earnest: "Come and see for yourselves." An immediate rush was made for the ill-fated basket, the lid was cautiously raised, and there, sure enough, was a small snake of the copperhead species snugly coiled up in one of Lord Cairngorm's favorite vests. Seizing a newspaper, Mr. Hill made a dive for him; but the reptile immediately raised up, and Mr. Hill incontinently threw down his hand. Two sticks were produced, and by this means his snakeship was dexterously raised out and deposited on the floor, where Mr. Hill gave him the "coup de grace." As he struck him, John Mathews and Ferguson both entered excitedly, armed with long iron-rods, with which they began to pulverize both ceiling and floor, the snake alone escaping in the general devastation.

Mr. Ferguson then proceeded to make a very careful investigation and inventory of his clothes. Socks were produced, and carefully shaken out; trousers-legs wrestled with; coats and vests went through a process of dry mangling; collar-boxes were peered into, and make-up-boxes carefully cleaned out; but no more of the snake-family discovered, nor did even an egg reward the search. Through the whole evening's performance Mr. Ferguson was in momentary expectation that a snake would creep out of his pantaloons or make its appearance at the wrong cue and entrance. Suffice it to say, when Mr. Florence, in the last act, asked Cairngorm in a stage whisper: "What he'd done with that snake?" it was too much for his lordship's equanimity.

How that snake ever entered that canvas-lined basket is a mystery time alone can unravel; but it was there, probably, to take notes of "The Mighty Dollar"—possibly an aspiring amateur, eager for dramatic fame. Mr. Ferguson sincerely hopes any other members of the same fraternity will select a spectacular piece for their debut.

ROBERT HILL.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 29.

The following explanation of a legal term is offered by a Teutonic member of the Canton police force: "You I git me out a *bench warrant*, I can chust so vell catch a man where he aint as where he is."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

LEONARD, Montreal.—1. If the trial was publicly made, under the supervision of properly constituted and responsible judges, this fact, coupled with the written endorsement of the genuineness of the performance of the secretary of the Association under whose management the tournament was held, makes the time a record. Pressuming this to be the case, the Bates Co. would not be eligible to compete in a hose race open only to companies who had not a record better than 6sec. 2. The bet evidently had reference to the actual time in which the distance would be run, not the average time of two heats; and as 62sec. were beaten in a heat, you lose. 3. The Barnes Hose Co. of Burlington, Vt., are champions of the United States by virtue of their victory in the National Firemen's Tournament at Chicago. 4. Not that we remember. 5. We are not in possession of other records made under precisely the same conditions as those governing the Chicago meeting.

QUICK, Chicinnati.—A, B, C, D and E are playing draw-poker. D goes in and 'sees' the blind before it is his turn to speak. C says 'I have not passed yet', and is allowed to go in. D then remarks: 'I raise you ten dollars, to which C objects. May D raise the pot after he has his money up, and before the draw?".....Yes. In "seeing" the blind before it was his turn to do so, he gained nothing, but was at a disadvantage; and he certainly did not forfeit his right to raise, when it actually came his turn, any player who had legally preceded him in seeing the blind. To argue that he did is to assume that he would have no "sight" for his money if C, in "seeing" the blind, had raised it the merest trifle. Any player who can "see" a raise has necessarily to be in a position to make one.

JAMES H. LAUGHLIN, Chicago.—1. Mace was never really matched with Sayers, but a forfeit was twice posted with the understanding that a future meeting would be held for the purpose of signing articles. The money was drawn the first time, but on the second occasion Mace took the forfeit. 2. Bill Poole never fought in the prizering. 3. J. H. McLaughlin was champion wre-tler from the time he won the belt in Detroit, in 1869, until he was defeated by Jas. Owens at Boston, in 1876. 4. Owens threw McLaughlin once, and was given a fall because Mac broke his hold. Owens was not thrown. 5. John McMahon, who recently defeated R. Wright, stands 5ft. 10¾in. in height, is 36 years old, and weighs about 195lb in condition.

A. McC., Philadelphia.—A bet that a certain party "will be the next Governor," if made before a pending election, contem-plates a competitive election, and nothing else. A bet will win if his nominee is elected and dies before he takes his seat; and he would not win if his nominee should take his seat without having been elected over some competitor. Should his opponents withdraw, all the votes in the State, if cast for A's nominee, would not make A winner, whether he had said "elected" or "will be next Governor." There would have to be a contest, or the bet would be a draw.

C. J., Laconia.—We have no recipe for a clam chowder made without other vegetables than onions and potatoes. It would take a professional cook to supply the glaring deficiency in the absence of tomatoes and thyme alone, to say nothing of minor vegetables; and professional cooks are loth to "give these things away." We will say, however, that we have applied in your behalf to several fish-cooks, who replied that such a dish would be a clam-chowder; but they were careful to add that it *could* be made without potatoes, or even clams.

JACK BENNET, Toronto.—1. We do not attach weight to such Oreports. It is thought that Conroy will be seen on the water next season in matches with one or two oarsmen whom he has not yet met. 2. It is the intention to send Hanlan to England early next year, and we have authority for saying that the only thing which can change these plans is the effecting by him of a match on this side for money enough to warrant his backers in postponing a trip which they are confident will result in Hanlan's winning large amounts.

J. T. G., Wilmington.—1. A sweep made by the last card played is the same as one made earlier, and it counts as much. There is, however, a "sweep" with the last card which counts nothing, viz., that by which, in virtue of having taken in the last trick, a player sweeps in all the cards on the board, although he cannot match them. 2. The letter will reach him. Better address him so as to clearly designate him, as there are two of that name, one the old actor and manager, and the other an agent and occasionally a business-manager.

A. B., Toledo.—The referee's decision is final, and those who bet upon the man who first struck the tape won their money. The fact of the loser's backers refraining from making objection before the race, when they knew as much as they afterwards claimed to know, shows that they thought Hall able to defeat either Cox or Scott. It is rather a difficult matter to tell what are the real names of many professional sprint runners nowadays, and claims of forfeit made because a man makes a match under an assumed name do not carry any weight.

C. K. AND A. P., New London.—The low counts for the player who holds it originally. Of course it may be, and is sometimes, played otherwise. The tendency is to amalgamate all the known card-games in the world with what, when all-fours was originally departed from, was simply pedro, without any sancho, or "bulldoze," or "highcockalorum," or half-dozen other names. Hence, capturing the low is an idea taken from "California Jack."

W. T. S., Boston.—1. Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre is located on the northeast corner of East Houston and Crosby streets, this city. The entrance to the harroom proper is on the corner, which was formerly occupied as a grocery Before the place was altered, a few years ago, the barroom was next door to the corner on Houston street, No. 26. 2. No other place to Hill's. The proprietor of that establishment for a quarter of a century.

A. L. EDWARDS, Pittsfield.—1. That horse to which the judges awarded second place was not entered in the occasional one, manifestly, as horses that had not won a heat or made a dead heat were allowed to start in the fourth heat of a three-in-five. That departure from the usual practice was probably agreed upon previously. You can purchase the rules for fifty cents a set of Ed. James, whose card see.

F. A. S., Alexandria.—1. There has been no national census since 1870. 2. According to a special enumeration of this city, in 1875, there were 199,084 natives of Ireland here, and 165,011 natives of the German Empire. 3. The salary of the Governor of this State is $10,000. 4. No Governor receives a higher salary.

CONSTANT READER, Detroit.—The bet cannot be decided. There was no census in 1876. In 1875, after annexation, the extreme figures were 1,146,037. To our view there are not 1,000,000 in this State to-day; but there is no way of proving that there are not, or that there were not that number in 1876.

F. S.—1. Send a title-page with one dollar to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., and ask him for instructions. 2. You do not state what kind of label, but any job-printer can tell you. 3. Grand Hotel, Place de l'Opera, Hotel Mirabeau, Rue de la Paix, Paris.

J. W. B., Louisville.—1. He was a member of the California Theatre company, San Francisco, Cal., last season. 2. You can get it quickest from the newsdealer. 3. Creighton died in 1862, long before the Cincinnati Reds were in existence.

A. W. R., Guthrie.—It would be better to consult an engineer. Mechanical phenomena are things that we have little time to investigate; and as theory frequently differs from practice, we are unwilling to answer you with "book-knowledge."

M. G. H., Warsaw.—Write to the leader of the orchestra of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill. He can supply the music, and he can arrange it so you will be able to play the single-handed accompaniment on guitar or piano. A cornet may be used, or a concertina in the hands of a skillful player.

K. Y. Z., Cooperstown.—A card that is exposed by the dealer, and remains on the draw at points, cannot be taken by the player for whom it was intended. On the original deal the player must take it.

F. J. M.—Josh Wetzel and James Hamill rowed five match races twice at Philadelphia, twice at Poughkeepsie, and once at Pittsburg. These were the only scullers' races in which they met.

MR. M. B., Philadelphia.—1. She is living, and performing in variety theatres. Address a letter to her in care of this office. 2. Write to Sam S. Sanford in our care; he may be able to inform you.

FAIR PLAY, Rahway.—A wins. He handicapped himself by standing at a greater than the regular distance from the traps, and doubtless you thought at the time that by doing so he gave you an advantage.

CORNET READER.—John T. Hoffman was defeated for Governor of this State the first time he ran, in 1866, Reuben E. Fenton being elected. He beat Griswold in 1868, and Woodford in 1870.

J. H.—He appeared not as a star, but as a member of the stock company, when he first acted in this city; therefore he cannot be said to have had any special repertory of plays.

N. T., STATE CAPITOL, TEXAS.—Up to Dec. 15, 1877, $6,276,615 had been expended on the new State Capitol, Albany, and at that time not a department had been finished.

A. D. P.—They are not related. Mrs. Eugene Kelly, wife of the banker, is the niece of the late Archbishop Hughes; and Mrs. John Kelly, wife of the Comptroller, is the mother of Cardinal, formerly Archbishop McCloskey.

G. A. R., St. Louis.—"Assista" means that the play shall be two men against two. An assisted player cannot go alone, unless it has been so agreed beforehand.

ARTHUR, N. Y. City.—Cleveland's 4-0 over Brooklyn dicc. K throws 36. G bets $10 he will beat it. Who wins?.....We give it up. Perhaps G threw 36. If so, he loses.

J. F.—Having said that he passed, B cannot reconsider and come in. He must bear the hardship of his own mistake.

F. T. D., San Francisco.—The player of the last deuce is entitled to a run of 3, 2, 5, 1, 4, 6, 3, 2, as also is the player of the 5.

R. L., Cincinnati.—1. We keep no record of the height of professional ladies. 2. Gussie De Forrest, Linda Dietz and others. It has not interfered with their success.

W. KING, Philadelphia.—"Our Jack" will appear in the Vaudeville Theatre, London, Eng., Oct. 21 (the date of our latest advices) for the 1,214th time, and it is still running.

A LADY, Baltimore.—You pay the money to the post-office in American currency, and the order will be paid in London in English money.

R. L. M., Chambersburg.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him. There is no troupe of marionettes now being exhibited.

DECLINED.—"Maude Florette," "The Downfall of Sebastopol," "No Cause or Provocation," "Mother's Face at the Window," "Down by the Meadow-side."

P. J. S., Marlboro.—A short time ago George Seddons was working in Jersey City, N. J., and we believe he is still there. He is living, at all events.

W. E. B., Kirkwood.—We know of no teacher in your section of the country. John Bogan, 100 East Houston street, this city, can give you the required instruction.

C. R., Chicago.—You will find some addresses in our advertising department, but we cannot undertake to recommend anyone.

G. E., Plymouth.—1. All of the feats usually performed by tight rope performers. 2. Send to Ed. James, 90 Centre street, this city, for a copy of "The Modern Gymnast."

T. H. S., Bowdoin.—We know of no actresses by those names who are prominently before the public. They may be in what is technically called the ballet of some theatre.

R. D. WARD, St. John.—Fresh items, sent so as to reach us not later than by the first mail Mondays, will be thankfully received and used.

F. G. A., Toledo.—Thanks for your attention. If he does not return soon, as he has promised, you shall be remembered.

O. K., Princeton.—Bret Harte was the announced author of the play of "Two Men of Sandy Bar," and he and Mark Twain were announced as the authors of that of "Ah Sin."

A CARRAS, Valejo.—The first-named firm has gone out of the business; the other is located at 201 Centre street, this city.

M. F. AND J. M.—Address Prof. Woods, in care of this office.

JOHN A. STANYER, Wappinger's Falls.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. C.—The bet is a draw, as Greaves' jump has been beaten, but not at Buffalo.

D. W. M.—No answers by mail. See our dramatic summary.

NO SIGNATURE, Detroit.—George Washington was the first President of the United States, and B loses.

J. A. H., Red Wing.—A is out, if the king counts for more than the nine spot.

JOHN CHRISTIE, East Newark.—On an unstamped English letter you would have to pay the postage and a fine.

C. T. C., Peachville.—You can get Oddfellows' regalia of Shannon, Miller & Crane, who advertise.

WM. P., Paterson.—Mrs. Brunsti, Eng., in 1875 had an estimated population of 196,188.

Mrs. H. A. F., Philadelphia.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office should reach him.

W. C. B., Louisville.—It is not published, and is the sole property of Hernandez Foster.

SCOTCHMAN, Newark.—1. It is the same person. 2. "Wild Bill's" real name was James B. Hickok.

R. W. C., Oil City.—No answers by mail. He has played Brutus, Cassius, and Marc Antony in "Julius Cæsar."

W. B., Marlboro.—We know nothing of that gift enterprise.

H. E. W., Phila.—Thank you; they have done it for years. In fact, "they all do it."

Y. W. L., Cambridge.—Address him as per advertisement.

PENNIE.—Ed. James' "Manual of Sporting Rules" contains rules for shuffleboard; price 50 cents.

TELEPHONE, Pittsburg.—All we know is that they advertised.

A FIREMAN.—See sketch of Harry Bassett in our turf columns.

G. W. B., Howells.—No; the moment he strikes the stake, A is out of play for the game.

ARTOONA.—His name does not appear in the city directory.

ACUTION PITCH, Nashville.—D is out on low, which counts before Eve, Jack or game.

W. F. K., Prairie City.—You could not, probably, get any encouragement to play those instruments

LOTTA.—Born Nov. 7, 1847; made first appearance on the stage as a variety theatre in 1865 in California.

A. H., Dover.—It is estimated that the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., will seat 1,500 persons.

F. C. BRANDES.—A deposit is required with all challenges; besides, amateurs do not walk for money.

C. S., Syracuse.—It is not Tony Denier, but M. Adams, who performs under that title.

COMMENT, Toronto.—Harris Finishing Co., 12 Vesey street, New York.

F. L. W., Erazil.—We decline to decide bets as to the authorship of such articles.

WEBB.—B gave A out, unless it had been agreed that a gift should be of one services to the receiver.

G. P. O'CONNOR, Erie.—Edwin Forrest has not a record of 2:14.

R. M., New Orleans.—The Commissioners of Emigration took possession of Castle Garden, this city, in May, 1855.

J. A. B., Poughkeepsie.—Yes.

R. J. M., Nashville.—Please get routes ahead of all troupes visiting your city.

R. AND D., Lenox.—If 21 constituted "game," B goes out on his high, having made the two he gave.

A READER, S. Boston.—The Hon. Francis Kernan resides in Utica, N. Y.

W. J. CHAPELLE.—They were sent by express to Middletown. Your first letter did not reach here until Saturday.

W. C. B., Cincinnati.—Yes, in "De Witt's Guide for 1875."

W. F. HUELSIZER.—Expires with No. 53, present volume.

HARRY, Chicago.—We have no recollection of them.

E. C. B., Chicago.—Stephen Massett is in Australia.

T., Marshall.—That company burst up long ago.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—Cannot say.

E. C. L., Phila.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

MCKENNA.—Joe Goss resides in this city.

CHICAGO.—We did not receive it in time.

A. R. J.—You can call out on anything.

READER, Akron.—A played correctly.

W. C., Boston.—Born in this city.

"CORKEY" won the great walking match in London last week, having corked up his adversaries without regard to their religious opinions or to their political bias. "Blower" Brown seems to have been more than usually blown at the outcome, while those who couldn't make the pace died (short of the distance) of the cholic. It may have been well for "Corkey" that O'Leary wasn't in it.

GENTLEMEN who have heretofore earned an honest living by voting early and often in the various election districts of this city are respectfully informed that a new departure is made necessary by the watchfulness of the lynx-eyed myrmidons of the opposition. Cut this out and paste it on your thumb-nail.

RUMORS of a second sculling match between Hanlan and Courtney are rife, but we cannot trace such reports to any solid foundation. A race between the Canadian and a London expert would meet with more favor, we think.

AFTER[we have elected a Mayor, and the ill-feeling engendered by party strife has given place to brotherly love and harmony, theatricals should improve, and the heart of the wearily-waiting manager be made glad.

THANKSGIVING comes next. Already the wail of the turkey is heard in the barnyard, and the cheerful chirp of the doomed chicken makes the woods vocal with melody.

SHOULD Mr. Bedford be defeated in the race for City Judge at our local election, some of the funny papers will be prepared to call it "Another Gunning Accident."

"A KILLING FROST" is reported at some of the fever-infected districts. Let us hope that its fatal effects may only be felt in killing the plague.

BY "ORDER of his physician," Weston walked out of the race on Friday last. A sprained ankle did it.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AUSTEN, Philip H.—A prominent Baltimore physician. He made a special study of diseases of the mouth, and was at one time a professor in the Baltimore Dental College. After this he was engineer of the mines in Preston County, W. Va., where he also spent much of his time in the charitable practice of medicine. He was an active member of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, and a man of large culture. His death resulted from burns he received on Oct. 1—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 28, aged 56.

ALLEN, Paul W.—One of the oldest and best-known citizens of Oswego County, N. Y.—Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 28, aged 67.

BACHAND, Pierre—The Liberal Provincial Secretary of the Province of Quebec. He was of French descent, and a native of Verchores, P. Q. He received his education at the Seminary of St. Hyacinthe, and in 1860 was called to the bar. In 1867 he was elected to the Provincial Parliament, re-elected by acclamation in 1871, and again in 1875. Mr Bachand's death leaves the Joly Ministry in a minority in the local Parliament—St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, Nov. 3, aged 43.

BURN, George F.—Chief Clerk of the City Delivery Department of the New York Post-office. He was a native of England, and many years ago an assistant teller in the Bank of England. He came to this country in 1835, was postmaster of Hamilton, N. Y., from 1861 to 1867, when he was appointed to the office he held in this city in 1874. He dropped dead while attending to his duties—here, Oct. 30, aged 60.

BOWER, John—A member of the firm of John Bower & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa. He was active in military affairs, and had many friends—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 2, aged 27.

BRITTON, J.—A Universalist minister, formerly pastor of a church in Fort Atkinson, Wis. For a time Grand Chaplain of the Masonic Order of Wisconsin—Fort Atkinson, Wis., Oct. 30.

BLAZER, Richard—During the Rebellion leader of "Blazer's Scouts," who once met and vanquished Morby's guerrillas. He died of yel ow-fever—Gallipolis, O., Oct. 29.

BALDWIN, David—Of Chester, Ct.—there, Nov. 1, aged 92.

CARLILE, Thomas J.—Mayor of Chattanooga, Tenn. He was a native of Philadelphia, served in the Union Army during the Rebellion, and settled in Chattanooga after the war. He fell a victim of yellow-fever while bravely discharging his official duties—Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 29, aged 45.

COLT, James S.—A lawyer and Judge, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., and a son of Samuel Colt, inventor of Colt's revolver—Wethersfield, Ct., Oct. 28, aged 62.

CROOM, Sarah A.—Widow of Col. Isaac Croom, and sister of the late Chief-justice Pearson of North Carolina—Greensboro, N. C., Oct. 28, aged 81.

CORLETT, William C.—A native of the Isle of Man, and one of the early settlers of Cuyahoga County, O.—Cleveland, O., Oct. 27, aged 92.

CAMP.—For more than forty years engaged in the drygoods business in Auburn, N. Y.—there, Oct. 28, aged 68.

CAMP, James—For more forty years engaged in the drygoods business in Auburn, N. Y.—there, Oct. 28, aged 68.

CURTIS, William—An old and respected resident of Westfield, N. J.—there, Oct. 30, aged 81.

CARTER, Thomas—One of the oldest merchants of Richmond, Va.—there, Oct. 29.

DESCAT, Constantin—One of the wealthiest manufacturers of France, formerly a Deputy and Mayor of Roubaix —Roubaix, France, Oct. 28, aged 66.

ENSIGN, Salmon—Of New Haven, Ct.—there, Oct. 30, aged 80.

FELL, J. Gillingham—A prominent citizen of Philadelphia. He was largely interested in the coal business, and was a director of the Academy of Fine Arts and Union League. He used his large fortune liberally—Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 26, aged 61.

FAGAN, Napoleon B.—For twenty years a magistrate in Martin County, N. C., a captain in the Confederate Army, and member-elect of the State General Assembly—Martin County, N. C., Oct. 27, aged 62.

FELL, J. Gillingham—A prominent citizen of Philadelphia. He was largely engaged in the coal trade, and was at one time president of the Union League—Philadelphia, Oct. 26.

FLANAGAN, Adam Clarke—A politician of this city, who had held a number of minor offices—here, Oct. 30, aged 78.

GARNIER-PAGES, Louis Antoine—The French Statesman and historian, was elected a Deputy in 1842, then appointed Mayor of Paris, and afterwards Minister of Finance. He figured more or less prominently in politics up to 1871, when he retired to private life. His most important literary work is a history of the Revolution of 1848—Paris, France, aged 75.

GRIFFIN, James L. C.—Of Gloucester County, Va. It is said he was entitled to the earldom of Traquair, and only lacked money to establish his rights and become a Scottish earl—Gloucester County, Va., Oct. 29.

HAYDEN, Julius—Brevet Brigadier-general in the U. S. Army. He entered the service as a lieutenant at the age of eighteen, served in Florida and Mexico, and through the Rebellion, at the breaking-out of which he was made lieutenant-colonel, and after the war commanded the forces on Governor's Island. In 1870 he was placed on the retired list—Governor's Island, N. Y., Oct. 29 aged 58.

HARRISON, Robert A.—Chief-justice of the Court of Common Pleas for Ontario. He was early admitted to the bar, gained distinction as a criminal lawyer, and, at the first election after the confederation, was elected to the Federal House of Commons. He had been Chief justice about three years—Toronto, Can., Nov. 1, aged 48.

HURLBUT, Roger—Private secretary for many years to Gov. Bishop of Ohio. He was formerly editor of *The Delaware* (O.) *Herald*. His death was caused by a cancer on the tongue—Beaver, Pa., Oct 27.

KING, Mrs. Rogers—Wife of the late James G. King and daughter of Archibald Gracie, once a famous merchant of this city. Mrs. King's husband was a son of Rufus King, once United States Senator from this State, and Minister to England. James G. King was himself a Representative in Congress, and an intimate friend of Daniel Webster. The descendants of the King-Gracie family are very numerous in this city—Weehawken, N. J., Nov. 3, aged 80.

KEEN, Charles—Mayor of Perth Amboy, N. J., where he had resided for forty-five years. He was a man of wealth and influence—Perth Amboy, N. J., Oct. 29.

KERGARION, Henri—A French Senator, whose term expired with the present year—Versailles, France, Oct. 10, aged 71.

LAING, David—Librarian of the Signet Library at Edinburgh. He was the patriarch of Scottish literature—born in the same year as Shelley, and only four years later than Byron. During the thirty-eight years of its existence he was the secretary of the Bannatyne Club, founded in 1823 by Sir Walter Scott. He was the son of a bookseller, and inherited, perhaps, somewhat of his love for rare old volumes. He edited a large number of works, and had been the personal friend of every literary man in Scotland. If not in Christ's flock, in nearly seventy years—Edinburgh, Scotland, Oct. 18, aged 86.

LEYBURN, Alfred—Of Lexington, Va. He was for several sessions a member of the Virginia Legislature, one of the Directors of the Virginia Military Institute, and president of the Board of Trustees of Washington and Lee University—Lexington, Va., Oct. 30.

LANZER, John—For forty six years a resident of Utica, N. Y. He was a soldier in 1813 in the War with Russia—Utica, N. Y., Oct. 30, aged 89.

MUIR, John—Of the firm of Muir & Scott, extensive dealers in fish, Halifax, N. S. He died from chloroform administered during the pain of a surgical operation—Halifax, N. S., Oct. 28.

MUNGER, James H.—Editor and publisher of *The Camden* (N. Y.) *Journal*, and formerly District-attorney of Oneida County, in this State—Camden, N. Y., Oct. 28, aged 66.

MACKENZIE, Henry—Late Bishop-suffragan of Nottingham, England. He was the author of a number of religious works—Lincoln, Eng., Oct. 15, aged 74.

MEYER, P. Hamilton—Known as the "Poet of the Owasco." He had resided for many years in Auburn, this State—there, Oct. 30, aged 66.

MONTEIRO, Francisco Pereira—Minister of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice in Rio Janeiro—there, Sept. 25, aged 70.

MULLIN, Bridget—A native of North Carolina—Bullock County, Ala., Oct. 29, nearly 105.

MURRAY, Patrick—Of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Oct. 28, aged 92.

OPPENHEIM, Abraham—Head of the great banking-house in Cologne, which he first established, and which he had directed for more than fifty years. He was at the head of numerous railways, manufacturing establishments and insurance companies, built at his own expense the Cologne Museum, and secured from the King of the Prussian Government, in 1847, the emancipation of the Jews from the numerous civil disabilities which weighed upon them. In return for many favors which he did the German Government he was, a few years ago, made a baron—Cologne, Germany, Oct. 30, aged 74.

PERRY, Edmund—A well-known lawyer and Democratic politician of New Jersey. He had been a Judge of the County of Common Pleas, and president of the State Senate in 1861—Flemington, N. J., Nov. 2.

PAGE, E. R.—A prominent member of the Raleigh (N. C.) bar. He was burned to death—Marion, N. C., Oct. 29.

REALF, Richard—A man of much talent and of strange misfortunes. Born at Framfield, Sussex County, England, of peasant parentage he early evinced a taste for books, and at fifteen began to write verses. Three years later, under the patronage of Lady Byron, he published a small volume of poems called "Guesses at the Beautiful." For some unexplained reason he left Lady Byron, whose protege he had become, and made his way to New York. Next he drifted to Kansas, made the acquaintance of John Brown, and was to have been Secretary of State under that visionary's government. In 1861 he enlisted in an Illinois regiment, and remained in the army until 1866, having risen from the ranks to a brevet lieutenant-colonel. He appeared next as a private in the Regular Army, and so continued until 1868. Then he taught a negro school in South Carolina; then connected himself with *The Pittsburg* (Pa.) *Commercial*; and finally, a few months ago, went to California, where he secured a position in the mint. Throughout his career he continued to write poetry —not mere verses nor rhymes, but genuine poems. Some he printed, a few he sold, but more found no market. *The Atlantic Monthly* bought and published two of his pieces—one ten or twelve years ago, entitled "An Old Man's Idyl," and the other in the current issue (November), called "Indirection." *Harper's Monthly* was fortunate enough to obtain a rare little gem (July, 1874), which Realf named "My Sister." In the w, as in all else that he wrote, the unmistakable touch of genius was discernible. But misfortune followed fever in his path. He fell into dissipation, his domestic relations were most unhappy, and poverty pressed him hard. He gave up the unseven contest at last, and ended his strange career by suicide—Oakland, Cal., Oct. 28, aged 44.

ROBERT, Christopher K.—Founder of Robert College, in Constantinople. He was for many years a member of the firm of Robert & Williams, dealers in cotton and sugar, this city. While traveling in the East, in 1856, he determined to found a college in Constantinople where a European education could be obtained. The institution which bears his name was opened a year later. He also endowed chairs in the theological seminaries at Auburn and Beloit, and founded the seminary at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., and the German Church on Rivington street, this city. For forty years he was connected with the Home Missionary Society. He gave to Robert College over $200,000—Paris, France, Oct. 27, aged 76.

RULOFSON.—The well-known photographer of San Francisco, a member of the firm of Bradley & Rulofson. His photographs of the Yosemite Valley, taken some years ago, gained for him a wide reputation. His work was awarded a prize at the recent Paris Exposition. He was killed by falling from the roof of the building in which was his gallery—San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 2.

SCOTT, Charles W.—A prominent citizen of Baltic, Ct. For several years he had been a member of the State Legislature, and was otherwise actively interested in politics. He committed suicide by shooting on board the steamer State of New York, on his way from Hartford to this city—Oct. 30, aged 64.

SMALL, John Jr.—One of the oldest members of the Baltimore bar. He was a consulting-engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and died worth over half a million dollars—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 28.

SHUNK, Francis R.—Nephew of ex-Gov. Francis R. Shunk of Pennsylvania. He graduated as a physician, but was never in active practice—Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 31, aged 54.

STOCKTON, Lawrence B.—For sixty years a resident of Indiana. He was rich and widely known—Lafayette, Ind., Oct. 31, aged 75.

STEWART, Alexander—One of the oldest members of the Stock Exchange, this city—Crawford, N. J., Oct. 26, aged 54.

SITES, Joseph—A physician and former member of the Philadelphia Common Council—there, Oct. 28.

VERMERSCH, Eugene—A Communist, who at one time edited a paper called *The Pere Duchesne*. He was a brilliant writer, but was forced to fly to England to escape death. He became insane, and died in an asylum—London, Eng., recently, aged 53.

WARD, Albert—A well-known resident of Staten Island. He had been president of the Gebhard Fire-insurance Company of this city, and also County Judge and School Commissioner of Richmond County. He was largely interested in real-estate—Tompkinsville, Staten Island, Oct. 28, aged 75.

WOOD, Albert H.—For thirteen years chief clerk of Baggs' Hotel, Utica. He had a large acquaintance throughout the State—Utica, N. Y., Oct. 30, aged 33.

WYDENBRUCK, Baron—Austrian Minister to the United States during the reign of Emperor Maximillian in Mexico —recently.

WEED, Corydon—For many years the leading moneylender for Eastern capitalists—Bloomington, Ill., Nov. 3, aged 60.

ATHLETIC.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE GAMES.

The members of the athletic association of the above college are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in having delightful Autumn weather upon the occasion of their annual games, held on the grounds of the N. Y. A. C. at Mott Haven, on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 2, and witnessed by a fair-sized assemblage, mostly collegians. A return follows:

Hundred-yards run, handicap—Heat 1: J. Duffield (2yds. start), 1; F. A. Potts (6), 2. Time, 11 3-5sec. Heat 2: T. J. Brereton (4), †; H. M. Moore (6), †; dead heat in 11 4-5sec. Heat 3: J. Dovale (7), 1; J. Walker (7), 2. Time, 11 3-5sec. Final heat: Brereton, 1; Duffield, 2; Dovale, 3. Time, 11 2-5sec.

One-mile walk, handicap—W. E. Gould (25sec.), 1; L. G. Romaine (20), 2; F. Klapetko (scratch), disq.; time, 8m. 9s. Won easily by 8½sec.

Half-mile run—H. M. Moore (100yds. start), 1; R. T. P. Fiske (55), 2; time, 1m. 59 4-5sec. The limit man was never reached, and won by 12½sec.; W. K. Otis (scratch) and E. Ludlow (100) did not complete the distance.

Running high-jump—Reginald Sayre, 4ft. 8½in.—a walk-over.

Throwing the hammer—W. R. Pryor, 63ft. 11in.; J. H. Montgomery, 62ft. 9in.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yards run, handicap—G. H. Taylor (10yds.), 1; T. J. Brereton (scratch), 2; F. A. Potts (5), 3; H. L. Rose (scratch), 0; A. F. Barrick (4½), 0; Bert Bowne Jr. (10), 0; W. G. Bates (12), 0; time, 24 4-5s.

Pole-jumping—F. H. Lee, 8ft. 7in., walked over.

Running wide-jump—W. Moore, 17ft. 7½in.; G. H. Taylor, 17ft. 7in.

Quarter-mile run—F. Rutherford (18yds.), 1; H. L. Rose (scratch), 2; P. St. George Bisselle (10), 3; H. G. Paine (8), 0; R. Francke (18), 0; time, 57 4-5s.

Half-mile run, for strangers—F. Banham, H. A. C., 1; W. Roberts, S. A. C., 2; W. E. Barnes, H. A. C., †; W. R. Hewett, A. A. C., 0; O. R. McCreery, M. A. C., 0; J. Davidson, F. A. C., 0; time, 2m. 13s. Banham was always in front, and won with something in hand, while a splendid struggle between Barnes and Roberts ended in a dead heat for second place.

Two-mile walk—G. Hallock, 1; F. Klapetko, 2; time, 19m. 42s. Hallock had a long start of his opponent, whose actual walking time was 18m. 33s.

Hurdle race, 120 yards—O. De Forrest (6yds.), walked over; time, 23s.

One-mile run—J. C. Wetmore, 1; E. Ludlow, 0; time, 5m. 40s. Ludlow led until within fifty yards of the tape, when he was seized with faintness, and, reeling, was assisted from the track.

Steeplechase—W. F. Morgan walked over, making the fourth "one-man power" event which marred an otherwise creditable meeting.

Tug-of-war—Team of '81 won two straight pulls from '79 in 1m. 30s., and 1m. 8s. The winning team were Montgomery, Ward, Van Snideren and Ledoux.

Starter, A. J. Burton. Referee, T. W. White.

HARVARD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Autumn games of this organization were held on Jarvis' Field, Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 2, over one thousand spectators being present. The racing took place on the Association's new fifth-of-a-mile track, which was in good order, while better weather could not have been had. Freshman Wyman was decided the hero of the day, easily winning the 100-yards dash in 10¼sec., and taking the 220-yards run quite as easily in the good time of 24sec., thus duplicating his victories of the week previous. He may reasonably be expected to make his mark outside of Cambridge next season, as he has evidently not yet been forced to his highest turn of speed. The other performances do not call for special mention.

One-hundred-yards dash—Wendell, '82, 1; Donaldson, '79, 0; Trimble, '80, 0; Cowdin, '79, 0; Warren, '80, 0; time, 10¼s.

Half-mile run—Crehore, '82, 1; Gaston, '80, 2; time, 2m. 21⅘s. The latter led for almost a circuit, when Crehore took up the running.

One-mile walk—Sterling (Theological School), 1; Holder, '81, 2; Thompson, '82, 3; time, 8m. 25s. Sterling was in front the entire distance.

Bicycle handicap, one mile—Heat 1: Swan, '82 (scratch), 1; Sturgis, '82 (50yds), 2; Parker, '80 (15), 0; time, 3m. 49s. Sturgis' long start enabled him to keep in front until he was within a third of a lap of the goal, when Swan caught him, and after a splendid race down the homestretch won by a foot. Heat 2 and last: Swan, 1; Sturgis, 2; time, 4m. 7s. The winner got in front at the end of the third lap, and had no difficulty in staying there.

One-mile run—Thatcher, '82, 1; Brewster, '81, 2; Manning, '82, 3; Brewster, '79, 4. Brewster, '79, led for half the distance, when Thatcher's machine went by and remained in front until the end, while Brewster, '81, also got past his namesake, and was six or seven yards off at the close.

Hundred-race, 120yds—Cowdin, '79,½: Warren, '82, 0; Torrey, '82, 0; time, 19⅘s.

Quarter-mile run—Bacon, '80, 1; Torrey, '82, 2; time, 1m. 58.; won with ease.

Two-hundred-and-twenty yards dash—Wendell, '82, 1; Donaldson, '79, 2; Upham, 81, 3; time, 24sec. This race was a handsome win for Wendell, who could have done considerably better.

Tug-of-war—Freshmen beat Stewards, 2; time, 31s. and 33s. A Sophmore team were to have opposed the Freshmen, but in their absence a squad was made up from the stewards of the Association.

Steeplechase, about a mile, 30 hurdles—Torrey, '82, 1; Butler, L. S., 2; won by three feet.

Starter, F. M. Ware; timekeepers, W. J. Twombly and Wm. Hooper; referee, F. W. Thayer.

ROSS vs. DINNIE.

Duncan C. Ross, who arrived in the metropolis last week in company with E. W. Johnson, intending to remain here all Winter, has made answer to the informal challenge purporting to have been issued by Donald Dinnie, in which he says: "I would remind Mr. Dinnie that it is his place to put up a deposit, and as soon as he places a forfeit in the hands of Frank Queen, of the N. Y. CLIPPER, or P. Collins, *Canadian Sporting Times*, so sure will I cover the same for a match to consist of nine competitions, as he desires, to select four and he four, the ninth to be decided upon by the toss of a coin or other method that may be satisfactory to Dinnie. Should this meet his approval I will allow him $200 expenses to come to America, the amount he has offered me to go to Scotland, he knowing that, on account of some financial transactions, I will not go to Scotland, but will meet him at Ottawa, Canada, or New York, early in 1879. Should this not be satisfactory, he may fancy the following proposition, which I am authorized to make for Dinnie's consideration, as he seems anxious to match Geo. Davidson: E. W. Johnson will match him a series of Caledonian games for $1,000 to $2,000 a side; or Johnson and I will meet Dinnie and Davidson at an all-round contest to be for $1,000 or $2,000 a side, and to take place at either of the above-named places. We will allow $200 each expenses, and we mean business, and the sooner Messrs. Dinnie and Davidson reply in a business manner the better we will like it. Any communication sent to the N. Y. CLIPPER or *Canadian Sporting Times* will receive our immediate attention."

FAST BICYCLE RIDING.

The announcement that prizes of £20 and £5 would be given for a twenty-five mile bicycle handicap, and that a number of high-class riders had entered, attracted a number of spectators to Alexandra Park, London, Eng., Oct. 19. Of those entered the following started: John Keen (scratch), D. Stanton (2m. 30s.), Phillips (2m. 30s.), and B. Keen (4m.) Getting away very quickly, B. Keen opened a wide gap between himself and his next two followers, Phillips and Stanton, the latter, from some cause or other, losing quite 100yds. by being slow to mount his ponderous-looking machine, which fairly towered over those of his opponents. John Keen, ready at the expiration of the given time, dashed away, and, although the start took place close to the swing pavilion, and up hill, he was quickly in hot pursuit of his long-start opponents, and as he was going faster than usual at the commencement of a ride of this description, it was evident that he meant to reduce their long lead as soon as possible. Gradually catching Stanton, he shot by him at a terrific pace opposite the baths, and, going a "cracker" up the hill, got close on the heels of Phillips and his brother. Going on lap after lap at the same marvelous pace, on the completion of the first five miles the champion's time was 17m. 33s. When ten miles had been covered, in 35m. 37s., Phillips and John Keen were level, and from this they shaped for a splendid race, with the exception of a couple of lengths, being two laps in front. Going on thus, the champion and Phillips again passed Stanton and Bradley Keen in the twelfth mile, the whole lot now being more or less scattered. Going on lap after lap

THE TRIGGER.

THE CHAMPION WING-SHOT.—Capt. Bogardus shot in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia during the week closing Nov 2. At Eagle Park, Washington, on Oct. 31, he broke 47 glass balls out of 50, springing the trap himself; 19 out of 20, springing the trap with one hand and shooting with the other; 24 out of 25, standing with his back to the trap, springing it himself, turning and firing; and broke 100 balls in succession in 5m 44s; using three guns, weighing respectively 10lb. 7¾lb and 5¾lb. Next day he gave an exhibition at Newington Park, Baltimore, before a large crowd, and on Nov. 2 appeared at Monger Park, Philadelphia, where, under the conditions above mentioned, he broke 45 balls out of 50, 16 out of 25, 23 out of 25, 100 out of 102 in 6m. 5s., and also broke 32 balls out of 20 pair thrown simultaneously in different directions. During this week and next Bogardus will shoot nightly and at the matinees at Miner's Theatre, this city, where he proposes to introduce a new, difficult and attractive act on the 11th.

J. E. GRAHAM'S shooting at Erie, Pa., reported in last week's paper, was at 18yds. distance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Continued from page 263.

HARRY WESTON, business manager, whose address find elsewhere, is disengaged.

THE FIFTH AVENUE HALL, this city, can be secured for entertainments. See C. S. Peck's card.

DELEVAN & SPEARES of Meriden, Ct., want to secure attractions for Thanksgiving and Christmas nights. See advertisement.

ROBERT HELLER, assisted by Miss Heller, commences an engagement in the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Nov. 4.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are advertised for by John F. Hovey.

AT THE NINTH ANNUAL COMMUNICATION of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2, B. P. O. E., held Sunday, Nov. 3, the following were elected officers: E. R. and R. H. P., Harry Enochs; E. L. K., Isaac L. Street; E. L. K., Wm. E. Lex; G. L., Warren S. Fox; treasurer, Chas. F. Jones; secretary, Chas. W. Campbell; tyler, A. J. Bates; trustees, Wm. L. Drane, Alfred Stimmel, Sam'l P. Cox; inner guard, Frank Harrington; chaplin, T. B. McNeal; D. D. and E. G. R., Frank Moran.

"SIDNEY WOOLLETT," remarks our correspondent, "a gentleman of ability in his line, gave dramatic recitals from memory in Martin Hall, Albany, N. Y., Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2, to meagre audiences. He is a fine declaimer, and has an excellent and correct conception of character. On Friday evening he recited from memory the entire play of 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

J. O. O'CONOR and Miss Charlotte Lindsay gave an entertainment in Jamaica, L. I., Nov. 2.

ELKS.—Baltimore (Md.) Lodge No. 7, B. P. O. Elks, elected Nov. 3 the following as officers for the ensuing year: Hunter Sloan, Gustavus Boswell, Wm. Boystead, Henry Diggs, Charles H. Flemming, Charles Arndt, Jacob Johnson, Frank White, George Nachman, Charles Howard and Charles Minifie. The lodge has sixty members.

HALLS in Ballston, N. Y., and Cambridge have just been stocked with scenery by Troy and Albany artists.

PROF. WYMAN, wizard, performed in the Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va., the past week to fair business.

THE SECOND WEEK of Robert Heller and sister in Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., closed satisfactorily Nov. 2.

WILLIAM MORGAN, well-known scenic artist, died in Brooklyn last week, and his funeral took place Nov. 3. His father, who is both a scenic artist and an actor, survives him.

ALL KINDS OF WIGS for professional use can be found at Andy Leavitt's advertised address.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL, Matteawan, N. Y., can be rented by applying to John T. Gerow, as per card. It has stage, scenery and a seating capacity of 700.

I. BLOOM & BRO. announce through our business department that they have reduced the price of gold and silver spangles.

AN ADVERTISING AGENT desires a position. See "Agent's" card.

AMATEUR.

CINCINNATI ITEMS.—The Clio Club played "Gilded Youth" at Robinson's Opera-house Oct. 29 to a full house.....The Davenports performed "A Roland for an Oliver" and "Under False Colors" at Pike's 31. House filled.....The Shakespeare Club plays "Don't Judge by Appearances," together with a musical olio, at Melodeon 5.....The Emmet Club have in preparation a new Irish drama entitled "Lambh Darragh," from the pen of C. E. Callahan, author of "Style."

CHARLOTTE BIRCH-PFEIFFER'S DRAMA "Der Goldbauer," with music by the Germania Band, was so successfully produced in Turn Hall, Boston, Mass., Oct. 28, that it will be repeated there Nov. 4.....The Bradbury Comedy Company gave their first performance of the season at Turn Hall 30; "Poynet Arden, or the Charcoal-burners," and "The Captain of the Watch" were played.....The McCullough Dramatic Company open their second season at Turn Hall 6, presenting "Othello."....The members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union are to perform the burlesque of "Cinderella" and the farce of "The Rough Diamond" at Union Hall.....The Comedians will give "London Assurance" at Union Hall 22.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia presented "Tom Cobb" and "Lend Me Five Shillings" 20.....The Boucicault appeared Nov. 1 in "Temptation" and "A Widow Hunt."....John J. McDermott, who die-l recently in New Orleans, was a clever comedian, and one of the founders of the present Boucicault Dramatic Association.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite Masons, in Indianapolis, Ind., gave its first performance of the season Oct. 29, the bill comprising "Bamboozling" and "Laughing Gas." A large audience of members of the order and their ladies was present. Similar entertainments will follow one another at intervals of one and two weeks during the Winter.

THE COMEDY CLUB of Rochester, N. Y., produced "Box and Cox" and "Brass" in their hall Nov. 1.

THE NINETEENTH CONSECUTIVE SEASON of the Cincinnati Shakespeare Club was inaugurated 22 by a presentation of "Lemons," given under the supervision of Ben Smith, a former professional. The comedy was rendered with great spirit, Charles F. McLean and Miss May Donnally deserving special notice.....The Florence Club of the same city gives "A Momentous Question" and "A Quiet Family" at Thom's Hall Nov. 7.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"MEMORIES," a new comedy by T. A. Palmer, was first presented at the Court Theatre, London, Eng., Oct. 12, but was not well received. The plot is as follows: The curtain rises on the farm-house of Reuben Modbury, in Devonshire, and here we make the acquaintance of the heroine, who rejoices in the name of Bell. This is the adopted child of the farmer and his wife, and she has a lover in Leonard Curzon, the nephew of Simon Bradley, a miller and a usurer, to whom Reuben is heavily indebted. Presently Bell's father, Sir Jasper Gascoyne, Bart., comes with his steward, one Oliver Marson, to claim her. She is the child of his dead wife, and he could now have her to cheer his declining years. Bell is in no mood to desert the old people who have been so kind to her, and it is not until she learns that Reuben Modbury is in difficulties that she consents to accompany Sir Jasper, who has offered the farmer £500 on condition that she shall go with him and take her proper place as his acknowledged daughter. In the second act we get to Charbury Hall, the residence of Sir Jasper in Dorsetshire. While the baronet has gone to give Bell lessons on the piano, and to forbid her playing by ear, the steward looks over his letters, and finds that the mother of Bell was the woman he had himself loved. "Ha! he!" says the wicked steward, "this is the man who robbed me of my treasure. I must be revenged!" and this revenge he proposes to enjoy by making Sir Jasper doubtful of the honor of the wife whose memory he so much reveres. Of course all intercourse between Bell and Leonard Curzon has been forbidden; but Leonard, who is a rising young sculptor, is brought to the hall by Sir Jasper's legal friend, Littleton Carr, who little suspects what will follow. Bell and her lover are discovered together by Sir Jasper, and there ensues what is known as a "scene." When Leonard has been banished from the house it soon comes to the turn of the lady. The wicked steward has suggested that she is not, after all, Sir Jasper's child, but the offspring of Modbury's unmarried daughter. Her caustic, uncultivated ways convince the baronet that he has been imposed on, and here it is he tells the beautiful and indignant Bell to go back to her bovine kindred. She returns in the nick of time to denounce the steward and to assist Sir Joseph, who has been taken ill immediately after he has changed his mind as to the girl's relationship, and has—after noticing that she walked the earth as though it belonged to her—exclaimed "She must be mine!" In the last act the wicked steward is at his tricks again. In Sir Jasper's desk he has placed letters which he imagines will answer his purpose, and by defaming the dead ruin the happiness of the living. The old baronet is nearly heartbroken with grief, but Leonard, who has been sent for, discovers that the said letters bear the date 1851, while the water mark of the paper gives the date 1839. Here is an old-fashioned method of confounding villainy as embodied in an old-fashioned villain. Marson, having been called a "would-be" slanderer of the dead, is kicked out, and nothing remains but for Leonard and Bell to vow fidelity and to receive the parental "bless you, my children."

THE NEBUILDING of the Glasgow (Scotland) Theatre is about to commence.

THE VOKES FAMILY are engaged to appear in "Cinderella" at Drury-lane Theatre, London, at Christmas.

"THE REPUBLICAN MANIAC" will probably be the title of a new play, written by a gentleman well known in fashionable circles, and shortly to be produced at the Olympic Theatre, London.

M. MENISSIER, dramatic author, died in Paris, France, Oct. 15, aged 55.

E. A. SOTHERN was reported by cable as suffering from a paralytic stroke on Oct. 30, at Birmingham, Eng.

MUSICAL.

A HANDSOME memorial has been recently erected in Kensal-green Cemetery, London, Eng., to the memory of the late Mlle. Tietjens. The grave is situated in the northwest part of the cemetery, close to that of George Cruikshank. The memorial consists of an artistically designed solid double block of red granite, finely cut and polished, with a sculptured marble triumphal laurel-wreath at the end. At the head of the tomb stands a bold cross of similar material, put up by the late gifted artist to the memory of her mother, and bearing the appropriate German inscription of "Sauft ruhe ihre asche."

DR. VON BULOW recently gave two piano-recitals at Berlin, for the benefit of the new "Parsifal" scheme at Bayreuth.

M. GOUNOD is at work upon another opera, entitled provisionally "Le Tribut de Zamora," the libretto having been written by Messrs. D'Ennery and Brisil.

SERAFINA CIASCHETTI, a mezzo-soprano well known to Italian opera-goers in South America, died recently at Santiago, aged 43.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY propose to make an attempt to substitute the electric light for gas in their concert-rooms at Sydenham, Eng.

"SALVATOR ROSA," a new lyric drama in four acts, words by M. Chislanzoni, music by Carlo Gomez, has been produced at the Argentina Theatre, Rome. The plot is based on a poetical license by which the hero is said to be in love with the daughter of the Duke D'Arcos.

THE DEATH is announced at St. Petersburg of Alexandre Villoing, teacher of Anton and Nicolas Rubinstein; and at Berlin, aged 43, of Louise Harriers Wippern, the famous vocalist.

AMUSEMENTS.

NATIONAL VARIETIES,
49TH STREET AND 8TH AVENUE.
Wm Rihlson, Proprietor. F. A. McClane, Stage-manager.
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APPEARS AT EVERY ENTERTAINMENT.
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PATRICK DALY.....Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN
PATRUCIO QUINCY DALY.....Mr. TONY HART
Edward Harrigan's new song THE DALY SERENADE.
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The election returns will be given from the stage. 33 1t*

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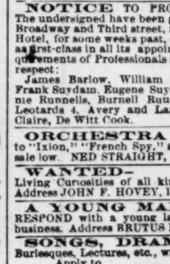

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MIGNON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON,

O comely Mignon mystica!
O pertect little lady of grace!
Each time your passing form and face
Make a white mark upon the day,
As if an angel went that way;
I gaze with eyes, heart, memory—all
In magic lost for aye.

O little maid, so strange'y staid!
You smile not, yet you all are sweet
From quiet face to modest feet;
You are a gentle Pallas-child,
Your calmness is a wonder wild;
Why is it that I stand afraid
Of one so gentle, sweet and mild?

Thou graceful Quakeress demure!
Thanks for a glance from eyes of gray,
That nothing pert could ever say,
Or dark or vulgar. Lady, thou,
Beyond grown women, and I bow
Respect for soul and manners pure
In lands of ugly Now!

A STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH CHARLES DICKENS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES WARWICK.

It has long been a theme of inquiry among the admirers of the great novelist as to where and how he gathered the material for the works which have rendered his name a household-word wherever the English language is spoken. The following incident, as related by a member of the Garrick Club in London, may perhaps afford a partial solution of the mystery:

Many years ago, I forget now exactly how many, I met with an adventure in connection with the late Mr. Dickens which has left a lasting impression upon my memory. About the time the first numbers of "Our Mutual Friend" were being published, one night I had been to a social gathering on the Surrey side of the Thames, and when the party broke up, to my discredit be it recorded, I was in no presentable condition to return home. Being painfully aware of the degrading fact, I ordered my servant to drive me to the entrance of the Thames Tunnel; here I dismissed my cabriolet, and, pleading urgent business at the West-end early on the following morning, I bade my servant good-night, and turned my face riverward. The night was dark and stormy, and the narrow, ill-lighted streets were deserted, save occasionally by the passing of some midnight prowler or some bedless tramp. At that time the approaches to the tunnel were through some of the vilest slums to be found anywhere between Blackwall and Battersea Bridge. Arriving after some difficulty at the tunnel entrance, I found, to my extreme discomfiture, that the gates were closed for the night. I had frequently passed that way by daylight, but I was quite unaware of the regulation which closed the gates at a certain hour of the evening. The storm, which had been gradually increasing, came driving up from the dark river, bearing on its icy breath spiteful whirls of snow and sleet, and in its wild course extinguishing many of the street-lamps, therefore retreat by the way I came a matter of extreme peril to one totally unacquainted with the dark labyrinths of that cut-throat neighborhood. The champagne I had been so freely imbibing during the evening had been gradually evaporating, and my pot-valor was momentarily forsaking me and leaving me to a sober and painful consciousness of my uncertain and somewhat perilous position.

"What in Heaven's name shall I do?" was the question which kept constantly suggesting itself as I wandered about the dismal streets, chilled to the bone, sick at heart, and with my imagination filled with the most gloomy anticipations. To seek shelter or accommodation at any of the vile dens with which the neighborhood abounded would be like walking into a lion's lair; for I was well dressed, and had quite a large sum of money about me. In my blind wanderings a sudden turn down a dark, narrow lane brought me to the bank of the river. The lamps on London Bridge stretched away in dim perspective some distance to my left, while all along the opposite bank of the river twinkled out from amid the gloom the signal lights from the shipping and the dim reflection of the city-lamps beyond the landing at Wapping Stairs.

"Oh, if I were only on the other side of the river," I muttered to myself, my teeth chattering with cold as the keen blast swept by, almost blinding me with the drifting sleet which was pitilessly descending, and momentarily increasing in intensity and force. I was something in the position of a drunken man who one Winter-night was hanging on to a post at the end of the dock, and who thus soliloquized: "If I hang on here all night I shall feeeze to death, and if I let go I shall tumble into the river." To attempt finding my way back without having my throat cut was not an inviting prospect, and to remain where I was till daylight seemed equally perilous. So, making a virtue of necessity, I commenced shouting at the top of my voice: "Boat ahoy! boat ahoy!" in the faint hope of being heard on the opposite bank, or of attracting attention from some passing boatman on the river. Having repeated the call with all the energy I could command, and listening at intervals for a reply, my exertions were at length rewarded by a faint "Hallo!" from the vicinity of Wapping Landing. I kept on shouting as the responses from the river became more distinct, and presently the dark outline of a boat pulled by two men hove in sight.

"This way! this way!" I shouted as the boat drew nearer.

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the cheery response from the boat as she rounded to at the bulkhead upon which I was standing.

With a cat-like celerity, the man forward grappled fast with a boat-hook, while the man at the after oar, having shipped it in a twinkling, sprang from the boat, and in another moment was standing by my side.

"What's up, Gov'ner?" inquired the boatman.

"I want you to put me across at Wapping Stairs," I replied. "How much do you ask for the job?"

"Well, yer honor," responded the man, "our reg'lar charge is a shilling in the daytime; but on a night like this I should think yer honor wouldn't grumble at a half-crown."

"All right," I replied; "stand me safe at Wapping, and you shall have half-a-crown a-piece. And if you treat me on the square, understand, I don't mind standing a drop of something to drink into the bargain."

"I knowed yer honor were a gentleman," replied the man, jumping into the boat, and directing me to take my place in the stern-sheets.

Casting off, the pair fellows bent bravely to their oars, and, after a quarter of an hour's hard tugging against wind and tide, I was safely landed at Wapping, but almost dead with cold from the cutting blasts on the river.

"I promised you a drop of something to drink," I said, addressing myself to the men as they were securing the boat. "Is there any place open about here where we can go?"

"Well, yer honor," replied one of the men, "there is a place we knows on—a place a little way above, upon the bank; but it aint exactly the place where a gentleman like yer honor would like to trust yourself at this time o' night. It's a tavern resorted to by all sorts of river-men, good, bad and indifferent; but if you don't stand at trifles, and will place yourself under our protection, we'll both see that no harm will come to yer honor."

"Lead the way," I replied, well satisfied with any prospect of shelter and refreshment. By this time I was so nearly exhausted that I gladly took a proffered arm from each man as we slowly made our way to the street above the landing, when, turning to the right, we soon arrived in front of a low public-house, rejoicing in the title of "The Three Captains." A dim gaslight from a toppling lamp, which seemed fast breaking down with late hours and dissipation, winked ominously at the portrait of the three mariners over the doorway, as much as to say: "All the fools in London aint abed yet."

One of the boatmen gave a peculiar rap at the door, and, after a short interval, it was partly opened, and held in that position by a stout chain on the inside. After a short consultation with some party within we were admitted, and I could not help remarking to myself that the admonitory description of my friend the boatman was more than justified by the general appearance of the place. Rude, rough and murderous-looking men—all more or less intoxicated—sat at the various tables with which the apartment was provided, drinking and smoking. But, though evidently excited from their potations, their conversation was carried on in a suppressed tone, and with a subdued earnestness which gave evidence of a certain control and restraint not generally observed amid the dissipated surroundings.

Behind a low, contracted bar on the right hand as we entered sat the landlady of the establishment. She was rather a fine-looking woman, and appeared, as she sat reading the evening paper, the very embodiment of "fat, fair and forty."

"Now, young gentleman, what can I do for you?" said the lady, rising as we entered.

"In the first place, madam," I returned, "if you will be kind enough to admit me beside your fire behind the bar I'd be lastingly obliged to you, for the truth is I am almost famished with the cold. And then, as soon as convenient, bring me a tumbler of brandy-and-water as hot and strong as you can make it."

The good-natured hostess cheerfully acceded to my request, and, after paying the boatmen and ordering the landlady to furnish them with anything in the way of refreshments they might desire, I was soon seated by the cosy fire behind the tap.

My entrance among the rude crowd seemed to command general attention; for there seemed to be a temporary lull in the conversation as soon as I came in, and I could not help observing that my intrusion was the subject of speculation and remark.

"You mustn't mind these fellows," said the landlady, placing before me a hot punch, strong enough to make my hair curl. "They are a bad lot, some of 'em; but as long as you choose to remain here, I warrant you you'll be as safe as if you were in your own house."

A slight altercation between two drunken bargemen in the tap-room attracting her attention at that moment, she rushed out, and soon brought the belligerents to terms.

"I tell you what it is, Tom Harding," she said, "if you think to make a bear-garden of 'The Three Captains' you are very much mistaken," addressing herself to a dark, towering ruffian. "And you, Dick Stokes," she continued, turning to his antagonist, "I tell you, too, I'll have no such goings-on here. It's time you were both at home and abed, anyway; so away with you—you don't neither of you get another drop in this house to-night."

Knowing that remonstrance would be in vain, they allowed themselves to be led out by the pot-boy; and, harmony being restored, the landlady once more returned to her sanctum behind the bar.

During the altercation which I have just described, a rough, drunken-looking scamp, with a patch over one eye and a huge pair of black whiskers, happened to attract my attention. His broad hat was slouched over his face, a short, black pipe was stuck in his mouth, and his legs were stretched at full length under the table. Up to that time I thought he was quietly indulging in a drunken sleep; but I was greatly surprised to detect him in the act of taking notes in a small pocket-book, which every now and then he drew from the pocket of his rough pea-jacket, quickly returning it again as the chance presented itself without attracting observation. I at once came to the conclusion that he was some detective-officer in disguise "working up a case" or "spotting" some of the villainous characters of which the company was chiefly composed. Whatever his object, I knew it was none of my business; and, as it was now long past midnight, I arose to depart.

While settling my bill at the bar, I noticed that the mysterious individual with the whiskers also arose, apparently actuated with the same intention. He was evidently very drunk, or pretended to be; for in passing towards the door he staggered up against me, and, balancing himself for a moment against the end of the counter, succeeded in accomplishing a very unsteady exit into the street. I immediately followed, and in attempting to pass the fellow on the narrow walk I was greatly surprised to hear him address me by name, and, on turning round, I was still more surprised to find that the person who addressed me was no other than the great Charles Dickens. He had in a moment divested himself of the long, rough beard, and of the unsightly patch which had covered his eye, and, hastily grasping me by the arm, he hurried me away in the direction of Limehouse Church. The dark, narrow lanes and streets of which the ancient neighborhood is composed seemed as familiar to the great novelist as to the most prowling prig in London.

"In Heaven's name, Dickens," I inquired, "what could you have been doing in such strange company?"

"Only at work, as usual," he responded. "To-night I have been gathering material for my new serial, 'Our Mutual Friend.' You needn't tell anybody, but the public-house we have just left is 'The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters' of my story. The lady you seemed to be on such good terms with behind the bar is my Mrs. Poterson; and if you'd had your eyes about you, you would not have had to look very far for poor Lizzie Hexem's father."

Having called a cab at the first stand we came to, we were driven to Our Club, near Covent Garden, and from that night commenced an intimate acquaintance with the illustrious author, which continued to the time of his death. He frequently assured me that there was scarcely a character he had ever written whose prototype he had not seen in real life; that to him Pickwick, Oliver Twist and Nicholas Nickleby were living realities, that Dotheboy's Hall was no fiction, and that his only regret about Squeers was that he never felt quite satisfied with his own portrayal of the character.

One would imagine who reads Dickens that it was easy work for him to write. Such, however, was not the case, as the perusal of some of his original manuscripts on exhibition at the Kensington Museum fully attests. The manuscripts bear evidence of intense labor, and abound in corrections and interlineations to such an extent that it seems a perfect wonder how the printers were ever able to produce a clean proof from them. While engaged on serious work Dickens would lock himself in his room for days together, denying all company or recreation until his work was done, and would then make his appearance, haggard, weary, broken down, and more like the ghost of his real self than anything else that could be imagined.

There is a dark marble slab in Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey, which bears a name in deep-cut, golden letters. The marble effigies of England's cherished dead surround you at every hand; but of all the great departed who slumber there entombed, not one has left behind a nobler record or a memory more dear than that of him whose name that deep-cut marble bears—Charles Dickens.

THE BLOOD-RED KEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. MILT HOFFMAN.

It seems more and more like a dream as the days go by. Such an aimless existence, a life so purposeless, the old feeling comes over me even now, surrounded as I am by the ones I love. The same terrible unrest I feel now sent me to California years ago, there to labor and toil, to dig and wait, hopeless, helpless, despairing. It is a beautiful country, this sunset land, full of roses and dreamy days and sweet perfumes. Still it is a country of sad experiences, wasted lives, of wild and terrible longings. How I came to go there I have hinted; and, after repeated failures here and there as a miner, as a ranchman, as a shopkeeper, it was but natural I should drift to San Francisco. There you are lost in the crowd; the atmosphere there buoys you up, strengthens you, gives you courage for a new race. Misery loves company, and I had plenty of company in San Francisco, though I associated with no one. It was easy to tell those who, like myself, had staked their all and lost, and then found refuge in the Golden City. I knew all such by intuition, and they knew me, and they passed me by like shadows, and were lost in the crowd.

Looking back now, I think there is not a street in all that big, mad city that I do not remember. I know every foot of ground, and even the shadows that glide across the bay at nightfall seem familiar. The quaint houses, built upon the earthquake sand, seem as old friends, and the hundreds of faces I saw once I see now, with the same marks of age, grief and crime upon them. When I had nothing else to do—and I was idle many months—I counted the buildings, studied the architecture, speculated on the ownership, and now in my mind I do the same, and a tall building on Montgomery street rises up before me with a strange significance. It is standing yet; it is one of the tallest buildings of the street, and the oldest. There is a frowning look about it, a freezing expression, as though it were alive, though it is only brick and mortar. If it had walked off some time in the night, if I had missed it in the morning, I should not have been surprised. It looked so queer! Day after day I walked by it, a dozen times a day to and fro, and somehow it was always with a feeling of dread, a superstitious desire to hurry away; and more than once, looking back at the gloaming structure, have I made myself conspicuous by leaving it behind me on a run. There is something inexplicable about it. I am not a coward, I am not superstitious; yet this huge brick building, with its frowning front, its shadowy angles, exercised over me a strange and unnatural power. I tried to shake it off; the effort proved in vain. More than once I boldly walked towards it, determined to face it and pass by slowly like other men; but I lost my grip every time, and went by hurriedly, with my heart thumping like a sledge-hammer, and the frowning brick structure mocking me with a sneer. Then I would laugh at myself for being such a coward, and, for a week or two, avoid the building, avoid the street, keep out of reach of the strange influence entirely. But I could not control my thoughts; I grew nervous, irritable and complaining. The magnetism of the building was too much for me. I was drawn irresistibly towards it, like a slave.

What was the matter with me? Was I going insane? I asked myself these questions as I passed by one day, and just then I stumbled against a young man who stood, with arms folded, looking fixedly at the building across the road. When I stumbled against him he did not heed me; quietly moved aside, that is all, and let me pass. But for this strange indifference and his pale face I should not have noticed him; but now I saw that he was young, that he was tall and slim, that he was dressed in black, that his face was like marble, and, more than all this, that his eyes were fixed intently on that strange puzzle across the road. I passed on. The next day I saw the man again; he was standing with his arms folded, just as I had seen him first, his face even paler than before. I glanced at him and passed by. I passed and repassed a dozen times, each day the same; he was constantly at his post. Who was he?—I gathered courage to ask a policeman one day. The answer was not satisfactory; it only added fuel to the flame.

"Some chap with his head out of balance," was the reply. "There are many such here. This one is very queer—keeps lookin' at that buildin' all the while. Wonder if he thinks it's alive. I don't give him much attention, or sympathy either, for that matter. Gone into bankruptcy, like a good many others. It's just as well. A fool for luck, I suppose."

This is all the policeman could tell me; so I put on a bold front and walked up to the man himself.

"Who are you?" I said, shaking him roughly. "Speak to me."

He turned quietly, and, looking me full in the face, said in whispered tones:

"Don't disturb me. I am looking at something."

"Of course you are," I said; "your eyes are on that building across the way."

"Yes."

"What do you see?"

"Go away. What do you mean?" he cried savagely. "What right have you to question me, a stranger? Go away, I say. I am looking at nothing."

I was sharp enough to see the turn he made to get rid of me, and I knew that his opinion, good or bad, depended upon my reply. So I answered him cautiously.

"I know what you are looking at," I said, "and it is no more of a puzzle to you than to me. Like yourself, I am lost in the mystery. If you can help me out, do so. Anyhow, let us be friends."

He looked at me with his large, lustrous eyes, his pale face was close to my own, his hand trembled on my coat-sleeve, and he whispered:

"The building isn't haunted; I don't believe in ghosts; I never see anybody go up there, nor come down. But, before I tell you anything, I'll ask you who you are."

"A miner."

"Retired?"

"Yes."

"On what allowance?"

"Two meals a day at the Miners' Restaurant."

"And you sleep?"

"In a hogshead on the wharf."

"Good. We fare much alike. I'll invite you to my quarters. But, maybe ——."

"Having the best quarters myself, I'll invite you to mine."

"Very true." It is dark now. Look across the way. The lights are burning in the building from top to bottom. Look now; don't you see them?"

So far as I could see, the only lights in the building were those in the stores on the ground-floor, and yet my strange friend had said the structure was alight from top to bottom. Surely he was mistaken or trying to deceive me. I said:

"Fifty windows with not a light shining from them. Where are your eyes? Are you crazy?"

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "I thought to frighten you a little. As you say, the windows are all dark—all but one. Strange that you do not see that one. It is at the right-hand corner, at the very top. See?"

I followed his hand with my eye, and there, under the overhanging roof, was a light burning with a cold, yellow lustre.

"Now you see it?" said my friend, taking me by the arm.

"Yes. What does it mean?"

"That's what I am trying to find out. A light that burns night and day means something. This one is never out—never. The window is always aflame. Come and go as you will, it is there the same. Three months ago I noticed it for the first time. Have I slept any since? But very little. It has been my constant watch. I am held as a slave. A terrible influence controls me. I go, I come, but I am never at rest except when here. And another thing. Look closer, look with all the strength of your eyes. What do you see? A blood-red key hanging in the window! Do not start, do not run away; stand firm and look. Am I not speaking the truth?"

I could not deny it. There the key hung in the pale, yellow light, meaning something, meaning nothing—who could tell?

"A mockery," said the pale young man by my side. "I'll tear it from its place in the window, or lose my life. Are you brave enough to go with me?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-night—now. But first tell me who you are. I do not know even your name. You may be a thief."

"Very true;" and the young man laughed. "I do not blame you for not trusting strangers. Too much confidence in people did the business for me. First let me tell you my name. It is Harry Knight. I have lived here a good while. I know the city well, and I have made money here. I had a little inheritance to begin with; I put it into stocks, and they went up. I made money. I tried again, and they went down. I lost money. I made it a business. I won and lost, I lost and won. At one time I could have retired, worth sixty thousand dollars. I didn't do it, for I wanted a greater sum, and lost all I had. I tried to fight my way up; no use; luck was against me. All I could do was to see others win and lose. Credit! I could not borrow a cent of no one. I was known on California street as 'the young man without a head.' I am conscious of my weakness now. I am bankrupt in pocket, and, I fear, in mind. Come, it is growing late. Let us go across the road."

We went at once without fear or hesitation. The steps were wide at first, then narrow and winding, and it was the darkest road imaginable. Would we ever get to the top, I wondered; and could we find the room where the light was burning? It was not so easy a task, after all. What if the inmates of the room had retired? It was after midnight, and that was enough. We groped around in the darkness many minutes before we had a clue to guide us in the right direction. A faint glimmer of light in a distant corner of the hall, and we approached it softly and tapped lightly at the door. Need I say the door was opened, but by whom? A figure so light I could have crushed it with my two hands—a pale, young face, crowned by clustering, yellow curls—a little girl of ten Summers, so very pretty that she seemed like a fairy.

She did not invite us to come in; she only stared at us, and finally said:

"What do you want?"

"Don't be alarmed," I replied. "We have not come here to bring you trouble. Shall we sit down?"

She pushed out a couple of stools, and we seated ourselves thereon.

"The room is large," whispered Harry Knight, "and filled with—the Lord only knows what all. And see! the window is all aflame, the light is there burning as I saw it from the street. Shall I tear it down?"

"No; wait!" I cried. "Don't you see that we are not alone? Behind that curtain is a man working at a low bench. I see his shadow."

"That is grandpa," said the girl, starting up. "He won't speak to you; he don't speak to anyone but me. No one ever comes here—no one. Do you want to see what he is doing?"

"Yes."

She took us around where he was at work, and we saw an old man bent nearly double, gray-bearded, gray-haired, with shaggy eyebrows, and that look about him which comes only from long suffering and many disappointments. He was bending over a low bench, doing some strange work that we could not understand; he was counting and arranging beads, while now and then he would stop and cover a page of coarse brown paper with queer hieroglyphics. And so intent was he at this that he did not notice us; his mind was turned inward, he saw no one—nothing but his work.

"What is he doing?" I asked the girl.

"Making a puzzle, I guess," she said.

"He is puzzle enough himself, I should think. Who and what is he?"

"He is my grandpa," said the girl, shaking her yellow curls. "He is not very rich now, though once he had lots of money. But he thought he didn't have enough, and so lost all he had trying to get more. It was very foolish."

"Indeed it was," said Harry Knight. "I understand that part. Another ruined stock-merchant, and this one has lost his reason. Poor fellow, as mad as a March hare."

"Yes, he is crazy," sighed the girl; "I think he is. He rented every room in the building, and paid cash in advance. It took all he had. He wanted to be alone, he said—that is why he rented the rooms. The upstairs is ours, all of it. Now I run things myself. I buy everything. We get along somehow."

"What do you do?" I asked.

"I sing and dance," she replied.

"At what theatre?" I asked, for I had an idea I had seen her before.

"The Bella Union."

"And do you make much money at this?"

"Not a great deal," she said; "but then, you see, I do head-work in the daytime, make lots of pretty things and sell them in the streets. Oh, we manage to live."

I thought it best to inquire her name, and she answered:

"Grandpa calls me 'Bluebell,' but I'd as lief be called Peggy. He calls himself King Victor—the Lord only knows why. It don't matter."

"What is he making now," I asked, "working so hard and so persistently?"

"A puzzle, I told you. When he gets it made he says he can win every time in the stock-market. He made a key and hung it in the window. See."

It was made of coral beads, very large, and every curve and notch was perfect. Back of the key was hung a yellow curtain, and between the two was a candle burning but dimly.

"You saw it from the street, I suppose," went on the little prattler. "It is hung there to attract attention. He is making another, a smaller one, to hang around the neck; it will be a charm to win back all his money, and a good deal more I don't know who will wear it. The right person will be tempted here, grandpa says; so he hung the key in the window as a sign."

I was looking at Harry Knight when these last words were spoken, and I noticed that he started, that a strange brilliancy filled his eyes, that he grew cold and distant.

"Let us go," he said; "let us go. We have stayed too long already."

I was conscious that he was trying to get rid of me; I could see it in his face, in his voice, in his actions, and I thought I knew his motive for wishing me away; but I said nothing, and together we went out into the street.

He promised to stay with me that night, but did not do it; really he only saw where I slept, and then went away, and I followed him. And the last I saw of him he was going up the rickety steps and down which we had come from the room of the crazy broker not an hour before.

I have as much curiosity as anybody, but, I may as well own it, I had not the courage to follow this strange young man up the winding steps; so I walked across the road and looked up at the blood-red key hanging in the window. But I could see nothing else, could hear nothing; and the night passed, and when the gray dawn came I went back to my stolen bivouac on the wharf, hot and feverish. But I was too restless to stay long in a place, and all that night I walked Montgomery street, looking up at the buildings, heeding no one, heeded by none, watching and waiting, and a new surprise came with the night. The building was there just the same, the window was there as I had left it, but the key that hung in the window was gone. Even the yellow light burned feebly and cold, and there was a deeper sneer on the building than ever before.

So the night passed, and the next day and the next, and all was the same. I saw no one, I heard nothing new; the key was gone, the light burned dimly in the window, the building was dark, and I was in despair. Once I caught sight of the little girl Bluebell, but when she saw me she hurried away with her basket of bead-work under her arm, and was lost in the crowd.

I wanted to go to the theatre to hear her sing; but I did not have money enough, and so stayed away, and took to gambling in California street, where she pleased to gambling in stocks. So a week passed, when, one day, who should I see in the centre of a group of excited men but my strange acquaintance Harry Knight.

"He is the Devil's own," said a man at my side, as he noticed on whom my eyes were fastened. "He started with little or nothing, and now he is worth his thousands. He don't bet or buy like anybody else; he goes in with a plunge, and comes out first-best every time. To-day he has 'busted' the market. If he is not the brother of Satan, who is he?"

I turned away and sought my lonely retreat on the wharf. I was filled with a strange wonder. I could hardly trust myself to think. That night I slept unusually soundly, and the gray of the morning found me still sleeping; but I awoke with a start, as these words were spoken close to my ear:

"A man murdered and thrown into the bay. Come and help me fish him out."

I reached for my hat at once, and as I took hold of it I heard the jingle of coin, and my surprise was greater when I counted out a hundred dollars in gold. I saw it all at once. While I slept Harry Knight had been there and left the money. A token of slight regard, I thought. But the man murdered and thrown into the bay, who was he? I saw the men drag the body out, I experienced a strange sensation, and when I saw the features of the dead, the form and face, I felt like sinking into the ground, for the murdered man was Harry Knight!

I need not try to portray my feelings. What was said or done will not interest you in the least. Go with me to the inquest.

It was a clear case of murder, probably for money. The knife of the assassin had penetrated the heart of the young man, killing him instantly. I took a look at the body, and there on his bare breast was a blood-red key made of beads, held by a blue ribbon running around the neck! My first impulse was to claim it, get possession of it somehow; but when I was about to reach for it something within me said: "Beware! touch it and you are lost!" And I let it alone. Then, at that moment, there was a flutter behind me, and a little girl with yellow hair pushed through the crowd and cried:

"Let me have it—the key, the key! I want to give it to grandpa."

"It is valueless; give it to her," said the Coroner.

She took it, and fled away like the wind.

I don't know why I did it, but I followed her as fast as I could go. I knew very well where she was going, and just as she was crossing the road to go upstairs I caught sight of her, with her yellow curls flying in the wind. There was a wild rush of vehicles in the street at the time, two unmanagable horses dragging a coach thundered by, there was a childish scream, and, rushing up, with my heart in my throat, I saw the yellow curls lying on the ground, and the little form crushed and bleeding almost beyond recognition.

Quickly a crowd gathered around her, but she spoke but once, and to me:

"Give this to grandpa," she gasped. "It will kill him if it is lost. It is a puzzle. Give it to him at once, I say."

I took the key from her hand—that strange puzzle-key—and the next moment she was dead! Then I turned, and a rushing coach knocked the key from my hand, and it fell under the wheels and was crushed to pieces and ground into the sand.

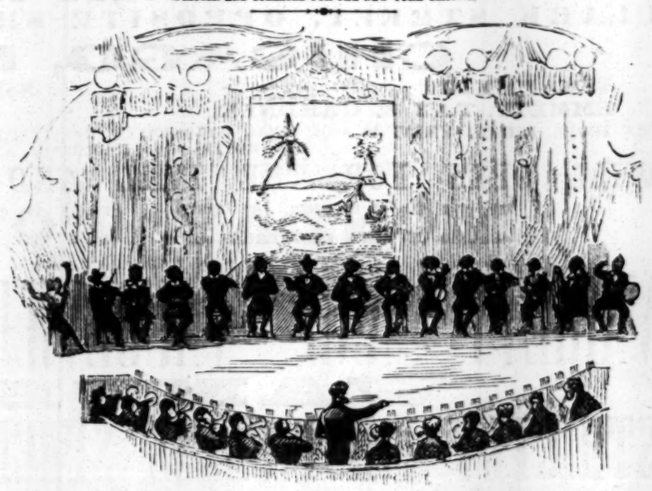
What could I do now? What more is there for me to tell? There were stronger and bolder men than I am to break the news to the old man. So I will end this sad tale by saying that at Stockton, Cal., in the insane asylum, may be seen a gray old man, bent nearly double, with many-colored beads scattered around him, working at some strange device, tireless, uncomplaining, still.

And as I saw him first, so I saw him last, working away at his puzzle.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.



ARTIFICIAL BREAD AND MEANS.

BY E. N. D. MANN.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Well, Mr. Bones, how have you en-joyed yourself since I had the pleasure to *last meet* you?

BONES.—Just you hear dat, now! *Last meat.* Look here, what do you take me for—a beggar?

INT.—Oh, no, Mr. Bones, you are no beggar. What put that into your head?

BONES.—Didn't you ask me how I en-*joyed* myself since you *last meated* me?

INT.—Certainly I did; but that is not saying you are a beggar.

BONES.—But I say it is.

INT.—How so? Please explain.

BONES.—Don't "*last meated*" mean de *last* time you give me *meat?* An' don't dat signification dat I begged you for *meat?*

INT.—No, it don't. I meant how have you been since I last *met* you—fell in with you on the street, or saw you here.

BONES.—Oh, well; dat am anuder ting altogedder—anudder kind ob *meat* altogedder. I was tinking ob *beef-meat*, an' you was tinking ob—ob—well, ob ——

TAMBO (interrupting).—Ob how you had been to *grass.*

INT.—That's it; how have you luxuriated in pastures new and fields abundant?

BONES.—Oh, yes; I see now. Well, boss, I tort I would change my diet a little since de last time I *sed* you, so I tried to get into de *artificial bread* an' *fish* business wid *Joy.*

INT.—*Artificial bread* and fish! Why, what do you mean? What's that?

BONES.—Dat's just what I was trying to find out meself.

INT.—And did you not find it out to your satisfaction?

BONES.—No; it didn't satisfy me a *bit.*

INT.—Well, perhaps it required a good many bits to satisfy you—more than you could pay for.

BONES.—Purhaps it did; but I took in enough to satisfy me dat it was a little too *fishy*, anyway.

INT.—You did! Well, don't be quite so *mealy*-mouthed about it. Tell us what this artificial *bread* is, and we may sympathize with your unsatisfied condition.

BONES.—Wid *Joy*, I'll do so. You see, boss, Professor C. T. *Joy* am a man ob science. He has no found his wealth in de sparing an' *scaly* manner some ob de lunch-routes hab been feeding dere customers, an' den he come to de 'clusion dat a little *artificial bread* an' *fish* might do dem a little more good. Dis being de case, he gib a lecture, showing how *fish* can be artificially *bread*, an' I tort I would try a little.

INT.—Oh, now I comprehend. You have been reading or listening to Professor Joy's article or lecture on the culture of *fish.*

BONES.—Well, you can call it dat if you like it best dat way; but I can't say I tink much of his artificial *bread.*

INT.—You mistake the *sense* of the Professor's language.

BONES.—No, I aint; it didn't hab no *scents* at all. It was only a little *fishy.*

INT.—You must not speak so loosely of a great professor's vast *divings* into the ocean of science, sir.

BONES.—No, he didn't say a word about habing to do any *diving* to fish up de *bread.* He only said it could be done.

INT.—No, no, Mr. Bones; you have failed to see his *drift.*

BONES.—Well, I guess I was dere, an' ought to know if he did any *drifting.* I tell you he *sailed* right along, an' said *fish* could be made up wid *artificial bread.*

INT.—I mean your brain was too shallow to fathom his *doctrine.*

BONES.—Dere was no *doctrine* dere at all.

INT.—Will you never understand? The Professor merely desired to show how *fish* could be *bred* artificially—that is, how they could be *produced* and *raised* by artificial *agencies.*

BONES.—Dere's what you is mistooken yourself. Dere was no *agencies* dere. It was hisself dat said it, an' dere was not a word said about de *bread-raising*, an' nobody said a word about any oder kind of *produce.* It was only about *fish* an' *artificial bread.*

INT.—Oh, no, no, no! You have got things mixed. He only showed how fish could be brought into *existence* by some other way than by the old, natural process.

BONES.—Oh, was dat it? Well, why didn't he say so widout talking about *artificial bread.*

INT.—Well, that is the correct way of scientifically *expressing* it.

BONES.—But he didn't say a word about *expressing* it. He calculated, I guess, dat eberybody should carry his own artificial *bread* an' fish, so as to *save* expressage.

INT.—Mr. Bones, you are either a fool or you are going into your dotage.

BONES.—No, sir-ree, I is no fool; but I come mighty near being made one if I had gone into dat artifical *bread* an' *fish* business.

INT.—I tell you it is *not artificial bread* and *fish.* The professor wanted to show that you could breed fish by *artificial means*, the same as hatching chickings artificially.

BONES.—Oh, well, why didn't he show how we could just as well hatch pigs and oder insecks by *artificial means?*

TAMBO (interrupting).—Yes; an' while he was about it, why didn't he show how we could have a whole world by *artificial means*, so dat we could all go into business wid *artificial means* when we aint got no other kind ob *cash capital?*

INT.—There's too many in business with *that kind of capital* already; but as you are too shallow-brained and scaley to appreciate *science*, let us hear from our friend Signor Campinini:

KISS AND WHISPER SWEET GOOD-NIGHT.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

Fare thee well, my little darling,
Sad it is that we must part;
But your image shall be nestled
In a corner of my heart.
Sadly I will miss the glances
Of your loving eyes so bright,
And I'll miss the voice that murmurs:
"Kiss and whisper sweet good-night."

Chorus.—Sadly I will miss the glances
Of your laughing eyes so bright,
And I'll miss the voice that murmurs:
"Kiss and whisper sweet good-night.

You are true, my little darling,
True I hope you will remain,
And there is a pleasure thinking
That we soon may meet again;
When you're far across the ocean,
Singing with a heart so light,
I will listen for the echo:
"Kiss and whisper sweet good-night."

Chorus
Sadly I will miss, etc.

Should the fates, my little darling,
Keep us evermore apart,
I will look for consolation
To your image in my heart;
When on other shores you wander,
And my face is out of sight,
There is something that will tell me:
"Kiss and whisper sweet good night."

Chorus.
Sadly I will miss, etc.

HER HAIR APPARENT.

The gentlemen who make hair restoratives invariably affirm that a handsome head of hair is a woman's crowning beauty. What would not these capillaceous speculators give if they could secure the services of this maiden as an animated advertisement? The sight of her golden tresses would do more than all the printers' ink in the world to bring any hair restorative into public favor. It is highly improbable, however, that this symmetrical maiden will be forced into accepting any such position as we have indicated. The fact that she is combing out her luxuriant locks may have suggested the idea; but we know that she is heiress to a richer inheritance than her hair. She is, in fact, at this moment making up—in other words, she is preparing to sweep gracefully upon the stage in all the glory of a new wardrobe and a broken heart. It is the simplest thing in the world for an actress to display a wonderful head of hair—black to-day and blonde to-morrow, as the case may require. But with our pretty little friend here it is a different matter. She does not don a wig, nor change her tresses to meet any unusual stress. How many a fellow secretly wishes that he was the comb, to be drawn through that hair! Or the hand-glass, to be gazed at lovingly and admiringly by those liquid orbs. [You may have noticed, in the course of your novel-reading, that "liquid orbs" is the term used to designate eyes. It calls for a romantic mind to conceive of an orb in a liquid state. Our shining star is, perhaps, of too ethereal a type to be considered a masher, and yet she is undeniably popular with the sterner sex. She represents the Modjeska element, rather than the Von Stamwitz. She is strong in her weakness—that is, she loves to play "society" dramas, wherein every woman is weak. [It would appear that she has undertaken more than she undertakes to.] She has won her triumphs—chiefly in the shape of flowers and flowery notices—and now she waits to be interviewed before she puts on any more hairs.

BESSIE DEE.—A LOVE SONG.

BY OSCAR R. BEERS. DEDICATED TO MARIE WHITTINGHAM.

We will meet to-night, my darling,
My own Bonnie Bessie dear,
Where the cooling zephyrs wander
From the ever-restless sea;
Yes, my own, my bonnie Bessie,
On the wave we'll be as well be,
And again my lips will whisper:
"You are still the same to me."

Chorus.—We will meet to-night, my darling,
Where the foam-fringed, stranded tide
Beats upon the shells and pebbles,
As we wander side by side.

When the moonbeams pale the shadows,
And the twilight fades away,
I will wander towards thy cottage
In the dying hour of day;
Then I'll come to greet you, Bessie,
In the cooling time,
And I then shall ask you, darling:
"Will you promise to be mine?"

Chorus.—We will meet, etc.

Where the surging waves keep rolling
Past thy little cottage-door,
We will wander, Bessie darling,
On the sparkling pebbly shore;
Hand-in-hand and love-united,
You will name the happy day
When the fisher's daughter
To my own cot down the bay.

Chorus.—We will meet to-night, my darling,
Where the foam-fringed, stranded tide
Rests upon the shells and pebbles,
As we wander side by side.

THE MELODEON MINSTRELS IN BOSTON, MASS.

The Melodeon, now the Gaiety Theatre, was opened in 1859 as a minstrel hall, and through the courtesy of Fred Mortimer of Conway and Mortimer we are enabled to present a copy of one of their programmes. Mr. Anderson was a "speculator" who "backed" the show; E. G. Gauffreau is in retirement in this city; J. B. Donniker is the leader of the orchestra at the London Variety Theatre, here; James Unsworth died in Liverpool, Eng., Feb. 21, 1875; Gustave Bidaux is a homœopathic physician in East St. Louis, Ill.; Max Irwin died in Adelaide, Australia, Aug. 9, 1864; J. P. Ordway is now a physician and surgeon in Boston; R. Abecco is traveling with Emerson's Minstrels; Edwin Kelly is with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, in Australia; G. Warren White is singing in choruses with opera troupes; T. J. Peel died in Melbourne, Australia, July 31, 1869.

NEW MELODEON,
Next door to the Boston Theatre.

J. W. Anderson.....Proprietor
E. Kelly.....Stage-manager
Edward G. Gauffreau.....Business-manager
J. B. Donniker, J. P. Ordway.....Musical Directors

SIXTH WEEK OF THE MELODEON MINSTRELS.

Increasing success of this unapproachable troupe. The refined and chaste character of the entertainment is remarked by all, the excellence of whose performance is nightly attested by crowded and delighted audiences, composed of the elite and fashion of the city.

MORE NOVELTIES FOR THIS WEEK.

Great success and repetition of the Burlesque Italian Opera and African Statues.

NEW SONGS, NEW JOKES, NEW ACTS.

THE STARS:

J. UNSWORTH,	GUSTAVE BIDAUX,
MAX IRWIN,	J. B. DONNIKER,
J. P. ORDWAY,	SIG. R. ABECCO,
E. KELLY,	G. WARREN WHITE,
T. J. PEEL,	L. CONDIT,
A. JONES,	P. KYLE.

E. RICHARDSON, Young America, of the World.

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 19, 1860,
BENEFIT OF MR. JAMES UNSWORTH.

This evening's entertainment is set apart

ly over the pillow, and his flashing eyes roving restlessly on vacancy. By the bed knelt a young woman, who with gentle care soothed the sufferer's restlessness and bathed his fevered brow. The visitors had perhaps expected to find poverty, but nothing so bad as this.

The noise of their entrance attracted the attention of the young woman, who started to her feet.

"What is it?" she cried excitedly. "Have they sent?"

The situation was embarrassing. Scrubbins was the first to speak.

"Madam," said he, "we crave pardon for the intrusion. There is some mistake. We sought a music-mistress with offers of employment. Pardon; we will retire if—if there is nothing we can do to aid your sad case."

"Employment?" continued the young lady in an excited tone. "Give it me—anything I can do—I cannot leave him to beg our bread. Meantime he suffers—from—absolute want."

Here she fairly broke into a passion of tears. Scrubbins secretly placed a piece of gold on the table. Bodger blew his nose suspiciously and turned up his coat-cuffs.

"Madam," said he, "I am a doctor," and, advancing to the bed, took the young man's hand in his own. "Febrile symptoms violent—refrigerante, *sal soda cum potass.*," muttered he. "Physique superb—diagnosis favorable—good support when convalescent—not likely they've got it. Why should I care? Dash it—dash it—I'm a fool —that's so—hum!" With this incoherent soliloquy he smoothed and shifted the sufferer's pillows with kind and skilful hand. "With care, madam, we will bring your friend through," said he aloud.

This somewhat quieted the lady, and after a time the manager, who never closed his eye to business, mentioned what *had* been the object of his mission: "but now," said he, "of course—of course." At this announcement of the manager's object the lady threw herself by her husband's bed, exclaiming piteously:

"O Charles, Charles! what would I not do for you?" and then professed herself willing to hear her visitor's proposal.

The negotiation occupied some time. She was not a professional, she said, but had frequently sung in private, and was a favorite pupil of the great German maestro Sturmsquall. She was familiar with the score of the leading operas, and knew the Gazza well. If her visitor would take her voice on trust, she would nerve herself for the effort and appear on the succeeding evening. No rehearsal was necessary.

"For his sake--for his sake!" said she distractedly, looking with fond affection at the fevered patient. "But how to leave him?"

A good heart beneath Bodger's sealskin waistcoat, although his exterior was rough.

"Make your mind easy on that score," said he. "I will sit with him. This is my case. I mean to cure this man. If I don't, may I be——"

He very nearly swore, but refrained for the lady's sake.

Scrubbins hastily thrust into the hands of the lady the music-sheets, with the passages marked in which she was to appear. Then the visitors respectfully took their leave, Bodgers saying that on his way back to the hotel he would send up a prescription, which he did. So the poor soul who was to be the substitute for the Cantaccuculi sat up all night, now attending her sick friend and now running her remembrance over the part of the suspected heroine.

At a late hour our worthy friends were seated in their apartment, taking their ease in their inn, toasting their slippers before a rousing coal fire, each gentleman having in his hand a steaming lightning made after the most approved pattern and stirred with a spoon, when the doctor broke a long silence by remarking in a sententious voice:

"It's a queer world we live in."

"Very," said the impressario.

The portentous evening arrived, and the manager's heart beat as fast as a debutante's—unnecessarily, however, for everything passed off *a merveille*. An hour before the opening of the services Dr. Bodger, according to promise, went to sit with the sick man, and Dame Gubbs, the dresser, fetched the devoted wife and safely deposited her in a dressing-room, whence she emerged, in due time, a very pretty person indeed.

"Do you think you can go through with it, my dear?" asked the manager.

"I have determined to accomplish it, whatever it may cost me," replied the lady; and, as the anxious manager looked at the fire of resolution in the dark eyes that gave expression to her sad face, he saw that she meant it.

It is unnecessary to say more than that she carried out her intentions. The representation was a perfect success. Tremulous at first, she seemed to gather confidence as she proceeded, until she became, as it were, the very personification of the author's creation. Scrubbins was delighted.

"My lord," said he to a sprig of nobility who was lounging in the coulisse, "isn't she splendid? Don't you think she is natural?"

"Pon my soul, don't know, you know. I was never innocent of stealing a silver spoo-on," drawled the youth.

He thought he had said a smart thing—only he hadn't, for Byron said it before him.

At the fall of the curtain Scrubbins led the lady on and shared with her the applause, announcing in the same breath that the performance would be repeated next evening.

"Settle with you at the week's end, my dear," said he as he placed her in a coach to return to her sick husband, and, pressing a small purse into her hand: "Um—ah—God bless you!"

Next evening a shock awaited the unlucky manager. The audience were becoming impatient, but no prima appeared. The basso-profundo was despatched post-haste to fetch her, but speedily returned with the startling intelligence that she had disappeared—gone—evaporated, exhaled (he said) like the baseless fabric of a vision. All that her landlady could tell was that, about noon, a handsome private carriage containing three men—one of whom, she could take her Bible-oath, was a lawyer, and the other two said they were doctors—had driven to the door and spirited the lady and her husband away, but where to the landlady knew no more than the babe unborn. The basso told this with a chuckle, for he owed old Scrubby one. The manager was in despair.

"I say, Bodgy, this thing is too much for me," he groaned out. "I have a mind to drop it—shuffle off this mortal coil—stab myself with a practicable door—dagger, I mean; and, in fact, drop it. Perhaps some tears may be shed for poor Giordino Scrubbius."

"You get on a clawhammer and white choker. Mother's dead. Tell orchestra to drone out a dirge—'Dead-march in Saul' is about the style. Hurry up, while I write the epitaph."

Thus spoke the manager's faithful henchman as he seized a sheet of paper and began to scrawl in his large, splashy hand.

Meanwhile the orchestra stopped suddenly in the midst of a clashing symphony, and the slow strains of a dead-march came stealing through the house, and the murmurs of the audience gave place to the silence of astonishment. Then the manager, attired in a suit of solemn black, with a white tie and a touch of chalk on his face—especially on his nose, which of late years had shown a tendency to become ruddy—walked lugubriously on the stage. One hand he pressed over the region of his heart; the other held a delicate cambric to his eyes, and he bowed profoundly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began (*laughter*)—"ladies and gentle*men* (*applause*), unaccustomed as I am to public speaking (*much laughter*)—the distressing moment of my life—the Signorina Cantaccucculi's (*hisses*)—sainted mother dead—herself at the point of death—so young, so beautiful."

Here an uneasy movement ran through the house, which became profoundly attentive, and the manager reached sadly round to his coat-tail pocket and produced Bodger's certificate to that effect:

These are to certify, on soul and conscience, that the Signorina Eleanora Amalia di Caraffi de la Montagna Cantaccucculi lies at the point of death, the exquisite tension of her delicate organization being completely shattered by the saddest news of the death of her illustrious mother, the most noble Contessa di Cantaccucculi, *nee* Villa Reale di Amalfi Contessa di Gorgone.

(Signed) ELIHANAH BODGER, M.D., F.R.C.S., A.C., *Dr., Doct. Allop., Doct. Homœ., Doct. Eclec., Doct. Mus., Socina de, etc., etc, etc, etc., etc.*

The reading of this affecting statement threw the audience into convulsions of weeping. Rising as one man, or rather as one woman, with handkerchiefs to their eyes, they left the theatre and wended their way homewards to muse on the mutability of human affairs; while Scrubbins and the doctor returned to their hotel to make a night of it.

An enterprising wood-engraver resolved to take advantage of the popular sympathy; so, looking up an old wood-cut of Mrs. Manning the murderess, delineated in the black dress in which she appeared on the scaffold, he sat up all night working off copies, which he labeled:

"Only authentic portrait of the noble and lovely Signorina Cantaccucculi,"

and, it is believed, he sold hundreds.

* * * *

Three years afterwards, Scrubbins, being on a tour in another part of the country, felt it for his interest to call personally on the lord of the manor to solicit a bespeak. This he was the more emboldened to do because rumor had it that the lady of the lord was herself *fanatica per la musica*. Passing through the pleasant grounds of the estate, Scrubbins presented himself at the fine old baronial mansion. My lord was from home, but it was possible he might see my lady. Conducted by a tall footman, he was left to wait in an apartment fitted up in costly taste, where he had barely time to settle his wig and arrange his shirt-collar when a lady entered the apartment. She was young and beautiful. The manager looked at the lady, and the lady looked with a calm, cold eye at the manager. Our friend Scrubbins was never considered a bashful man, but astonishment took away his presence of mind, and he could only falter out:

"Signorina—Cantaccucculi ——"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the lady, with the most superb absence of recognition (a really fine piece of acting); "you come for a bespeak? Well, I bespeak a selection from 'Gazza Ladra.'"

The impresario quailed before a woman's presence, for in the lady of the demesne he recognized the mysterious singer who had so ably supplied the place of the recalcitrant Betsy Williams.

Next night our worthy friend was gladdened by a bumper house, comprising all the fashionables of that fashionable neighborhood, and, conspicuous in a front box, assiduously waited on by her husband, the former sick man, and surrounded by a bevy of aristocratic friends, sat the young Lady Oldtowers, the Cantaccucculi's former substitute. Old man Oldtowers had died, and my lady and her husband, his discarded son, reigned in his stead.

WIDOW JONES' HUSBAND died a long ways from home, and it took such a long time for the body to reach her that grief had quite recovered from her grief and was giving a large lunch party when the body finally arrived. A wagon drove up to the door and a large box was handed out. Curiosity ran high among the ladies at the window, and with one accord they exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Jones, what can that be?" Up went Mrs. Jones' eyeglasses, and, after a glance, she coolly said: "Well, it must be old Jones come home. Charley, run down and open the door for your father."

MAN with broken nose—"I want a man arrested in the saloon around the corner for pounding me." Police sergeant—"What kind of a looking man was he?" Man W. B. N.—"A feller with a baseball moustache." P. S.—"A baseball moustache! What do you mean by that?" Man W. B. N.—"Nine on a side."

A NOTED CORNER IN GOTHAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY COL. THOMAS PICTON.

The northeast corner of Broadway and Canal street has ever been a favorite landmark with older New-Yorkers of the passing generation, particularly with those dwelling, during the halcyon hours of youth, in the semi-rural regions beyond; as it were, the limits proper of the city. A half century ago, the district surrounding Richmond Hill, upon the crest of which loomed up the painted roof and unfinished towers of St. Patrick's Cathedral, was but sparsely settled. Still therein could be found the dwellings of many men of wealth, oftentimes retired merchants, yet mainly semi-patricians, descendants of a Knickerbocker stock, who, like unto the lilies of Solomon, neither toiled nor spun, and to whom the ease and monotony of a suburban existence were more attractive than embroilment amid the din and bustle of the busy town. For the religious edification of these gentlemen, of competent if not elegant leisure, had been erected St. Thomas' Church, a structure wonderful in grandeur, to the eyes of the vulgar from its rough, graystone buttresses and gigantic Gothic windows, consuming at least two-thirds its entire front. This church marked the extreme limit of the city tradesman's pedestrian pilgrimage in a Sunday search after the rural beautiful, especially as, at some hundred yards from its door, upon the margin of Broadway, at that time and in that section generally designated as the Albany Post-road, could be detected a counterfeit headstone of solid white marble, bearing graven upon its face the ominous legend: "One mile from the City Hall." Still very few pedestrians ventured voluntarily so far as this ultima Thule, generally preferring to terminate their walk at the old-fashioned hostelry, surrounded by an attractive flower-garden, located at the farthermost point, at which the stone-bridge was wont to span the canal with no less than half a dozen brick-faced arches, and at which, moreover, commenced the long line of tall poplars, planted at uniform distances along that side of the road, extending northward until burying itself amid the orchards and farmyards of Bloomingdale.

During the course of the second decade of our present century not only had the stone bridge disappeared, but the canal, degenerated into a diminutive rivulet of water drained from the adjacent Lispenard Meadows, had been converted into a municipal sewer to carry off the surplusage of rain-water untreasured to meet the domestic needs of thrifty housewives, and descending in torrents as successive thunder-storms expended their aqueous fury upon the steep, slatetiled roofs of the burghers forced to dwell at a distance from the North River's bank. The receiving basin at the general culvert was placed at the termination of Centre street, facing Pearl, at a spot presumptively the centre of the former Collect Pond, and into its capacious maw flowed not only the pure water of the heavens, but the unsavory drainings of countless gutters, to meander through a subterranean, circuitous aqueduct of brick and mortar, hidden from view of man beneath the cobble-stone pavement of Centre and Canal streets, in the precarious hope of forcing a fraternal embrace with the rippling waves of the Hudson.

The bridge and the canal melted most quickly from public sight; but the old-time public-house, enlarged and nominally improved, maintained its ground, and, as per primeval Larkin, its pertinacity in existence being gratefully rewarded through conversion, as its swinging sign indicated, into the "Broadway Stage House," from whose portals departed, thrice a day, a lumbering public vehicle—a cross between a corduroy mailcoach and a carter's van—which, after penetrating the bowels of the town, and circumnavigating the Bowling Green, switched off into Broad street, there to rest before the door of the Old Tiled Cottage in inglorious ease until the imperative call of Time reset its dormant wheels in motion to retrace its halting march.

The Broadway Stage House, originally known as the Stone Cottage at the Bridge, was a quaint structure of decidedly Hollandish origin, appropriately painted yellow—or, as it was then termed, Dutch pink—two stories in height, broad and squat-looking at the base, surmounted by a pointed roof of alarming altitude, through which were pierced diminutive dormer-windows, suffering the straggling rays of a setting sun to penetrate into sleeping-chambers fashioned very wide, sufficiently low, so as to afford ample space to the inevitable cockloft above, wherein were stowed away bags, boxes and barrels of imperishable stores, annually laid in and adequate for a year's consumption. Upon the ground floor was located the coffee-room—at least this was an inscription over a side entrance from Canal street. Still it chanced that a decoction of the Javanese berry was less palatable to the patrons of the Stage House than concoctions of "Old Jamaica," Holland gin, New England rum and other alcoholic beverages, making no mention of the many foaming mugs of "Albany Cream Ale" disposed of upon these suburban premises.

The pleasure-garden, entrance to which was shaded by two drooping willows planted within the protective walks, was sacred against profanation by votaries of either John Barleycorn or his alcoholic majesty, being dedicated almost exclusively to quaffing the "fragrance of the Chinese herb." In a word, it was the tea-garden *par excellence* of the Gotham, locally renowned for the prime quality of the unadulterated article therein vended, in the brewing of which was solely employed water drawn from a well of marvelous purity, situated within the bounds of the Eighth Ward, in the neighborhood of Spring street, thus named to conserve memory of its existence, near unto the rickety dwelling of Johnny Edwards, eccentric manufacturer of beam-scales, noted as among the final wearers of knee-breeches and shoe-buckles braving the despotism of Fashion upon Manhattan Island. And spring-water from this historical well could be deemed peculiarly appropriate for the fabrication of an exhilarating decoction, inasmuch as therein had been found floating the corpse of a Miss Sands, the mystery of whose murder had furnished our grandmothers with the staple for tea-table gossip for over a quarter of a century.

As in those days all New York dined at high noon, and the hours thereafter until the stroke of six were devoted to a digestive promenade, the propriety, if not absolute necessity, of a public tea-garden wherein the current gossip of the town could be retailed or commented upon at a casual reunion of the fair sex could not equitably be questioned even by the stoniest-hearted of the stronger sex, whose chariots were in this wise convivially dissected. Consequently, while their putative lords and masters, under pretense of furthering commercial projects, hob-nobbed, dined and wined at the Tontine, Franklin and Bank Coffee Houses, almost beneath the shadow of the tower of the Exchange, their wives and daughters enjoyed the pleasure of

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending SATURDAY, NOV. 4.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Eloise
Allen, Georgia
Allyne, Kittie
Buckingham, Fannie L
Banks, Ella
Bidwell, Dollie
Bernard, Mrs. Mary
Baker, Minnie
Bromo, Addie
Boshell, Carrie
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Bastello, Carrie
Brooks, Katie
Berger, Anna Teresa
Burgess, Emma (of Aiken's Co.)
Branscombe, Maude
Brooks, Mrs. Kate (2)
Chester, Marie
Chrisse, Carrie
Claxton, Kate
Chanfrau, Mrs.
Cassell, Madam
Crabtree, Lotta
Dixon, Blanche
De Ross, Josephine
Delange, Minnie
Ducios, Madam
Emaline, Mlle (song and dance)
Ellis, Lillie
Elberts, Kittie B.
Elmore, Annie
Emmett, Mrs. C.E.
Franks, Flora
Fisk, May (2)
Gardner, Kittie
Gleason, Alice
Hemmersbach, Mrs. M. E.
Harland, Rose (p. o. m. London, Eng.) 2lc.
Hindle, Annie
Howorth, Mrs. M. E.
Hall, Fannie T.
Hyers Sisters' Combination
Harvey, Mrs. H. M.
Hamilton, Annie (of Hamlit Sisters)
Hallett, Alta
Hughes, Jennie
Herd, Celia
Jeal, Linda
Johnson, Addie
Kent, Mrs. Chas
Kellogg, Clara Louise (2)
Kent Sisters
Leavering, Annie
Lawton, Minnie
Lougee, Kittie
Lauretta, Millie
La Monte, Allie
Leigh, Georgie Sc.
Lee, Rosa (of Rentz's Minst.)
Lawrence Sisters, The
Lindsay, Jennie
Mellar, Maude
Mortimer, Lucy (Mrs. J. K. Mort.)
Montfort, Lolla (vocalist)
Morris, Josie
Markham, Pauline
Maxwell, Kate
McDonald, Mrs.
Jas. (p.o. in Leeds, Eng.)
Moore Sisters
Moore, Eunice
Mulvey, Lizzie
Merretts, Miss
Makin, Mrs. C.
Newton, Eliza
Neoskalets, Miss
Nelson, Sara (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Pendy, Mrs. John 6c.
Pascoe, Marie (2)
Pomeroy, Louise
Richmond, Josie & Lu-lu
Remington, Daisie (2)
Rickings Bernard, Mrs. C.
Robeson, Erba
Reynolds, Vic
Reynolds, Georgie
Richmond Sisters
Ransom, Alice
Shaw, Mrs. Mary A. (2)
Stevens, Mrs. H.P.
Stellini, Mad. (vocalist)
Smith, Sarah
Sherwood, Alice (of Pomeroy's Co.)
Smith, Allie (Jig-dancer)
St. Felix, Leanora 4c.
Turner, Nellie
Tim, Susie
Vickers-Rogers, Mattie
Vincent, Mrs. Eva
Victoria, Mad. (trapezist)
Violetta, Mlle.
Woods, Annie (vocalist)
Woods, Annie (late of Baltimore) 6c.
Wren, Alice M.
Woods, Annie (late of Wilkesbarre)
Washington, Mrs. Geofries
Wall, Miss (of L. Grover's Co.)
Weinhold, Mrs. (of Grau's Co.)
Wallace, Bella
Westbrooke, Jennie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arrington, J. V.
Allyne, S. J.
Adams, Flem
Adams, Yank (3)
Ayers, C. C.
Andrews, Jr., Flem
Andrews, W. R.
Barry, Dave
Bryan, W. H.
Blossom, Nat
Brown, Gus
Bloke, Geo. W.
Buckley, Harry
Barnum, G. W.
Blodgett, Harvey
Bird, G (of Fay Templeton's Co.)
Bergman, Chas (musician)
Barrett, Ed. (comedian)
Baird, J. W.
Bernard, Pierre
Burnell, Maj. John
Barrett, Lawrence
Byrne, J. (of A. Wallace-Villa's Co.)
Bryant & Manning
Benjamin, L. P.
Brown & Barnes
Brady, Sam
Barlow Bros.
Blanchard, H. (vocalist, etc.)
Barnum, P. T.
Byron, Edwin
Benton, Chas.
Bush, I. T.
Bensley, Jas.
Bernard, Harry 3c.
Broome, Jas. (of Loftus' Co.)
Clarke, H. (of Barney & Clarke)
Courtney, Wm. (Flew Flew)
Clasby, C. (of L. Barrett's Co.)
Corvalla, Robt.
Clifton, F. R. (2)
Clark, G. B.
Cummings, Frank
Callender, Harry
Clarke, W. H.
Corbin, Charlie
Castello, G. B. (2)
Cook, E. S.
Cassim, J. (of Cassim & Fritz)
Charles, Geo. (female impersonator.)
Cotton, Ben
Chenet, Joe
Clancy, Steve (circus "biz")
Clarke, Harry
Collins, J. (of Collins & Ward)
Clifford, Frank
Collins, C. (of Color Guard Co.)
Crum, W. (of Coup's Circus)
Collins, S. (of Acad. Music, Chicago)
Colby, Frank
Cummings & Hines
Crosby, C. J. (p. o. m. Newcastle, Eng.)
Combs, Col. Poole
Charvat, Frank
Cohen, G. (of Rice's Evangeline Co.)
Carroll, Dan
Campbell, Wallie 5c.
Doty, J. A.
Deasaer, S. (of Rooney's Co.)
Delano, Jeppe
Ducrow, Wm
Dunbar, Frank
Davis, Chas. L.
Dollinger, G. (musician)
Dunnan, A. (ventriloquist)
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg's Op. Co.)
Davis & Co.
Drisco, Dan
Dodge, Ben
Dunbar, G. (of Forepaugh & Cir.)
Dashmond Bros.
Darlington Bros.
Dittman, C. H.
Dickey, G. W.
Daly, Thos. (of Daly Bros.)
Debonsy, John
Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels
Dickeson, H. (comician)
De Vern, Claude
Eddy, Jas. N.
Ellis, Saml.
Earl & Tobin
Emidy, J. S.
Eureka, Dramatic Variety Agency
Euson, S. (of McAllister & Minst.)
Eddy, Ed.
Emerson, Wm.
Eldridge, Press
Ellis, Saml.
Farrell, Jack
Fraser, R. (pantomimist)
Fowlers, C. (of Uncle Tom's C. Co.)
Farrar, J. V.
Frost, Hyatt
French, Edwin (2)
Franckum, Geo.
Frohman, Gustave 5c.
Fagan & Fenton (3)
France, Geo.
Forrester, Bruce
Forest, Ed.
Gerson, Edmon 10c.
Gillmore, W. J. (2)
Goldberg, John
Gaffney, r. (of London Gaiety)
"Grimaldi" (of N. D. Roberts' Co.)
Gray, W. B. (manager)
Goodwin, John (Agt. L. Pomeroy)
Granger, Tom
Grav, W. (of Brooklyn Jubilee Co.)
Geyer, Frank
Guick, J. T. (of Dup. Bros. & Min.)
Gaston, Al.
Gorman, O. H.
Gorman, J. (of Gorman & Goodyear, C. W.
Grau, J. (of Grau's Op. Co.) (3) 3c.
Goss, Joe
Grover, Wm. S.
Gould, W. (of Le Hachelier)
Geyer, Albert
Gran, Hermann
Gardner, S. H.
Goodman, J. (with Hartz)
Gaston, Albert
Gillman, W. E.
Gilbert, Jack
Gilmore, Wm (thea. manager)
Howe, John P.
Hunter, Geo. (Irish "biz")
Hinnes, Billy
Hill, John (of Di Mankia's Co.)
Hutchinson, J. L.
Howard, Ed.
Hall, F. A.
Hilton, Rollin
Homan, G. W.
Haley & West
Howell, T (English comedian)
Holloway, J. (of Barnum's Circus)
Henry, W. B.
Hengler, Chas.
Henderson, G. A. (2)
Hogan, John (minstrel)
Heinrich, F. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Harrington, Geo. (Cum. & Harring.)
Howard, C. L.
Henry, Hi (2)
Harrington, Chas.
Hastings, G. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Hart, F. (of Golden & Hart)
"H. S. E." (2)
Hawley, C. (of Hawley & Noon)
Isherich, Mark
Kennedy, Dan
Kent, Frank
Keen, Jule (2)
Kelly, J. D.
Kelly, J. D.
Kersands, W. (of Hyers' Sist. Co.)
Leland, Sydney
Lenton, Frank & John
Lee, H. G. (3)
Lester, Harry
Leavitt, M. B.
Leary, Jas. E.
Lamb, T. B.
Lester, Mr. (of Lester & Williams)
Lennox, Geo. H.
Lorella, Jas. H.
Leslie, Roy
Lovella, Thos.
Lipman, A. S.
La Clade, Billy
Lorella, Jas.
Lee, Harry C.
Laiscelle, Lyman
Lawson & Jones,
Locke, E. S.
Morris, Dan
Myers, W. (agt. B. Woolley Minst.)
McDowell, Alf.
McCue, H. L.
McNish, Frank
Malsworth, Carl. (of Mayo & Fash (2)
McDonald, Jas. (of Batley, Enz.)
McGrane & Heath
Mills, Gus
Mack, W. (of Keen & Mack)
Mack, W. (of Milligan & Weaver)
Milson, John (of Metropolitan Circus) (2)
Maeder, F. (of Salsbury's Troub.)
Melville, Chas.
Magee, John (pianist) (2)
McKay, Robt.
Milligan, Weaver & Adair
Murray, Harry
Morris Sullivan, Dan
McVeigh, John
McClure, Chas. (musician)
Martin, Sam
Mack, D. (of Magee, Johnny
Morris Bros.
Manager (3)
Mitchell, W. H. (basso)
Nane, Wm. (of Denier & Co.)
Needham & Kelly
Nagle, R. W.
Newman, Prof (musician)
Nicholls, C. W.
Omohondro, J. B.
O'Hara, P. M.
Orrin Bros.
Oliver, J. A.
Otington, Chas. 12c.
Partlaw, N. A.
Peterson, H. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Powers, John (of Lent's Co.)
Price, E. (of Park Theatre, Brooklyn)
Primrose, G. H.
Pilling, F. J.
Pico, Comical
Phillips, Sig. (of Gray's Ital. Op. Co.)
Pedanto, Mr.
Perry, New
Quinlan, J. J.
Rice, Col. J. H. (2) 3c.
Revel, C. W.
Reynolds, W. (of J. Thompson's Co.) (2)
Rickaby, John
Ryley, G. W. (of Ryder's B. B.)
Rice, E. E.
Ruth, E. (of Ruth & Smith)
Richards, A. E.
Rodgers' Comedy Co. O. B.
Roberts, Dick
Robbins, Burr
Raymond, E (of Raym & Murphy)
Richmond, Geo.
Ripley & Read
Ronaldo, Geo.
Robinson, Frank
Ritchie, Fred (Dutch "biz") 6c.
Robinson, Jas. (equestrian)
Redmond, Chas.
Rogers, Loraine
Snow, L. (of Coup's Circus)
Sands, Lew
Spencer & Bennett
Simonds, C. J.
Stanwood, J. H. (of Barnum & Cotton's Minst.) (2)
Swain, S. C.
Sheppard, Burt
Sanford, J. F.
Sullivan, Dan Morris
Steele, G. (of B. Robbins' Minstrels)
Spriggs, Harry 6c.
Sherman, W. H. (2) 6c.
Sturges, J. A.
Sherman, Arthur B.
Stuart, Edwin
Spiane, J. D.
Sadler, Thos.
St. Aubin, F. P.
Sullivan, Gilbert
"Seeming Impossibilities"
Saxton, Harry
Sully, Dan
Sanford & Wilson
Straight, Ned
Sheehan & Jones
Samwell, Thos.
Treville, Walter
Thorne, Harry
Tucker, Stephen
Tillmore
Tribble, Harry (not H. Trimble)
Taylor, E. C.
Thornton, Chas.
Tierney, Cronin, Lester & Allen
Trudell, A. O.
Trimble, G. E.
Tooles, Col. T. R.
Villa, S. B.
Vanneese, A. H.
Vanderpool, C. C.
Washburn, E. S. (6) Wood & West
Wynne, Thos.
Walworth, Jas.
"Old" J. Robinson's Circus)
Ward, J. D. (manager)
Weaver, J. (of Milligan & Weaver)
Wilson, John (of Metropolitan Circus) (2)
White, A. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Wagner, C. A.
West, Mr. (late of Bryant & West)
Wray, Ralph
Wills, J. H. (2)
Wilson, J. B. (banjoist)
Walker, Oscar
W. E. R.
Williams, John (Lancashire Lad)
Woods, ——— (Sprague's Minst.)
Williams Bros.
Willis, Fred
Waite, Jas. R.
Vess, Amburgh's & Co.'s Manager
Willis, F. E.
Wells, Jas. (juveniles)
Weston, Harry
Wiley, L. H.
Wilson, Joh (equestrian)
Watt, W. M.
Webster, C. R.
Zaulig, F. W.
Zebold, Geo. W.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Nov. 4, '78.

This is the eve of battle. Not that kind of battle in which the gutters and alleys run red with crimson gore, but the friendly strife in which the ballot takes the place of the bullet, and the hard-handed sons of toil, instead of the "Gallant Sixty-ninth," charge the enemy's batteries, and mow down the forlorn hope of a demoralized foe. [Does that begin right, Jimmy? "It's right as fur as you've got, but look out you don't run foul of a snag."] As we write, every patriotic citizen is girding up his loins for the morrow's struggle; and when the sun goes down behind yon Grampian hills, where Norval's father feeds his flock of frugal swine, the ipse dixit of the vox populi will have been recorded, and the chief magistracy of this great metropolis will have been decided in favor of the successful man. "Letters have poured in upon us from every ward in the city" asking our opinion concerning the outcome of the fight. We have felt no delicacy about giving it, and we have invariably said, in the language of the late lamented Jack Bunsby—if so be as Ned Cooper gets more votes than Gus Schell, then the former will be it; but if so be, on the contrariwise, as how Gus Schell's ballots should outnumber the same as cast for the Cooper, then so be vice-versa. ["Nobody can't tell nuthin' from that." Just so, Jimmy; and it goes to show our independence and impartiality, and thereby strengthens the neutral line of conduct that has ever marked the course of this journal.] And we would go one step farther, and say that, if Schell got cracked in the melee, no earthly power could prevent his adversary from passing through the Mayor's gates to the Augean stable beyond, always provided that the jolly Cooper adz no fraudulent eight-by-seven to make his calling and election sure, and is not otherwise staved off by the inscrutable fate of too many ciphers. [How's that, Jim? "It will kill 'an dead; but I should advise a few sound words about the purity of the ballot and the sacredness of the elective franchise, which every able-bodied citizen owes to his country, and to the perpetuation of them principles which has been handed down to us from the remotest ages of the gladiators of feudal times, when men of a suspicious stripe was chuckt into the lion's den or made to walk rough-shod through the fiery furnace, which made it warm for the ballotbox-stuffers who was prevailed upon to vote early and often, or otherwise seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, where so many Sepoys come to grief in the days that tried men's soles *long* before Boss Tweed had anything to do with the —— with anything to do, and that, mind you, at a time when the Dead Rabbits of the Sixth Ward and the Live Roosters of the Glorious Fourth unshackled the fetters which now-a-days free-booters or their unscrupulous allies failed to see when Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth first spread its canvas to the rippling gale or Joseph Jefferson awoke from his slumbers of a thousand years, and become unknown to his numerous progeny which had evoluted while he slept, and which sang the battle-cry of freedom as the first pipe-layer commenced his operations in the streets of New York, whereby many an honest voter was shorn of his privilege and the repeaters of the Custom House went dry-shod over the slum of a smouldering volcano where Dion Boucicault wrote King Lear, or even subsequent to the time when Tony Pastor produced on his Broadway stage the real original first Democratic-Republican that was foaled in the hills of Cyprus, where, to this very day, may be seen the identical blarney-stone that Jarrett & Palmer brought over in the Plymouth Rock centuries before the advent among us of John Kelly and The. Allen, whose names' —— There, there; stop where you are. And all that came of Jim's endeavors to take in the speeches at the two mass meetings held on the same night last week by the two antagonistic parties.].....We desire to state that the lightning-calculator who preached last Wednesday evening at the West Forty-eighth street Baptist Church was not the lightning-calculator now engaged to calculate for Lotta at the Park Theatre. *He's* not on the preach. It's Hutchings, Barnum's old figurehead, who is now striving to show people the error of their ways, and lead them through flowery paths' forevermore.....It is said—but we don't believe a word of it—that the costumes worn by some of the opera-bouffe ladies in Paris are of such a character as to leave nothing to be desired. "Our Jim," who is not so pious as he was before he became a supe, suggests that, by taking one step farther, they can surpass all previous efforts. On questioning the lad as to what that step leads to, he replies by saying that, if they were to go hunting after bears, they might get to the bear-skin! ["A comical conceit."—O. J.].....While disputing the right of bill-stickers to ornament the posts of the elevated railroads, the directors fail to see the good which may result from such decoration, and only look upon the wrong side. Our knights of the brush confine their operations to no single branch of industry, science or art, but dabble promiscuously in verse, as witness the appended stanzas from the brush of J. N. Sullivan, who hails from Colorado:

HOW HE GETS HIS WORK IN.

On fence, on barrel, box and post,
Or ancient house long ceased to pay,
He spreads, to please the gathering host,
The printed wonders of the day.
On empty *barrel*, with *'red-eye' stamp*,
He *spreads* to view *the temperance call*;
To pulpit, drama, lecturing tramp,
Im artial services render all.

.....There was fun in Wall street last Wednesday morning, when thousands of circulars were scattered from the visitors' gallery upon the brokers in the Stock Exchange. The circular announced the "change of bill" for that night at the Broadway Theatre, and the opening of George S. Knight on the following Monday night at the same house. This was no doubt the work of some "stock" actor.....If you see anything of a roaring lion walking up and down Broadway you will be suitably rewarded by returning it to Barnum, and no questions asked.....Strangers in the city are respectfully informed that the proposed Bryant memorial is not for Daniel, the well-known minstrel, but for William Cullen, minstrel or another perpetuation. We want no thanks for this little service.....Apropos of indisposed opera-singers, we believe that, if managers were to administer to the afflicted ones a dose of antimonial wine, there would be no danger of a recurrence of the malady.....And talking about George, now that he is at the Broadway, would it be proper to call that house a Knight school?.....A man says that Bayard Taylor has written a new lyric drama in four acts between meals. The allegator falls to say whether the four acts are between supper and breakfast or breakfast and dinner.....The most successful star candidates for public suffrage last week were Lotta and Emmet. Their mass meetings were immense, and believe that either of them could have been elected Mayor "by a large majority."..... As a natural result of the election campaign, and the various ward and mass meetings held throughout the city the past week, the depression among amusements continued, nearly every place being more or less affected; and we need not look for much improvement during the current week, as the question of the next Mayor is exceedingly bitter, and will so continue to the end. Next week we may have a better showing.....In our advertising department may be seen the "first card of the season" from New Orleans since the yellow-fever scourge took possession of that city and closed every place of amusement there. The disease is no longer epidemic in any of the late fever-infected cities of the South, and absentees are flocking to their old homes, and the evidence of a revival of business along the entire line.....And at this turning-point in the affairs of the South it is with the liveliest feelings of gratification that we learn that the Synod of Georgia, on the 31st of October, decided by a vote of 41 to 17 that *dancing is not a crime!* and restored the church-rights of a dear brother who had been suspended for giving a dancing party in his house. By this it would appear that, according to a Southern view, other things besides "the sun do move," thus endorsing the astronomical observations of Brother Jasper.....The little Park with the little Lotta appears to have struck it fat again. "La Cigale" may not possess much merit as a play, but it draw—and that is the quality most to be desired. Lotta, however, wants something neat and appropriate to put in her album, here it is. No matter about the autograph. We are always modest, and if a name is needed let the lines be signed "Our Jim."

TO LOTTA.

Lots of people lot on Lotta,
Much regret we have not her,
Show approval when they've got her,
And remark: "Ah, Lo'ta what a
Lottery prize is Lotta!"
So, in these hard times spends her days,
Seldom to a poor house plays,
Says "Nay" to all matinees—
Harp'lot of Lotta.

.....And still another remarkable event calls for our serious attention. It was in Paris where this young lady went up in a balloon, and while thus suspended in mid-air, as our perilous trapeze artists would say, "a son was born to her that day." Probably she thought if she remained on earth at such an important and painful crisis it would be a terror to her former. [Please read this terra firma, and oblige.—Ed.].....All-hallow E'en came to pass on Thursday last, Oct. 31; but, owing to the political agitation, the small boy did not secure the usual modicum of fun which has heretofore made the occasion a bright spot in his otherwise spotless life, and so, this year, it was to him but a hollow-eve..... It is a long look ahead, but a project of such prodigious gigantic proportions needs time to work out a safe deliverance. A number of the most wealthy and influential among us held a meeting at the Fifth-avenue Hotel one evening last week with the view of discussing the subject of a great World's Exhibition in the city of New York in the year 1889, or earlier if feasible. Harmony ruled the proceedings, and the meeting adjourned until A. D. 1879, when delegates from all parts of the country are expected to be present. We like the idea. We have never felt satisfied since Philadelphia made such a grand success of *her* Centennial.....The big Fair at the Cathedral continues a big success. It not only interferes with other amusements, but *may* influence the election to-morrow. Of getting out with a full purse, "all who enter here leave hope behind."".....A new *comic* play called "Author Club" is announced at Haverly's. [We do not know, Jimmy, whether it is a stuffed club or a social; but even a social club is generally stuffed.—Ed.] We have not learned whether the manager or Beckett will play the leading comic role.....Impecunious people who go to the Grand Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design, in the hope of effecting loans under the "great attraction from abroad," are respectfully notified that they don't do a lone business at that establishment, as is attested by the crowds who go there.....An elephant got into a hole at Barnum's Show last Thursday, but the elephant was got out whole, neither hole nor elephant being injured. This was a narrow escape for Gipsy.....'Grandfather's Clock' shows what a good work a man can do when he has the time.....That's how he gets his *Work* in.—OUR JIM.].....The alleged Gerster remains indisposed. Wonder what *does* ail her, anyhow?.....Wouldn't Wilhelm with a little J. and Ole Bull with a big O make a capital team to draw the long bow?.....Let us hope that the Lyceum has hit upon happy times. D. Thompson's Vandals years to tickle the public's sides amazingly, and after nine consecutive weeks the laugh still goes on. The Lyceum has seen dull times, but it is no lie to say that it does not see 'um now. [There is a hidden gem there.] Perhaps this is in part owing to the low prices and in part—but let us give the true explanation in verse:

JOSHUA WHITCOMB.

'Tis perfectly proper this play should be known,
For here is a Yankee refreshingly good,
And Denman is playing the part alone
As well as any ten men could.
For this is the verdict of critics, *The Sun*
Stops in its course of censure and doubt,
And the people appear to enjoy the fun,
For in Whitcomb they see the wit come out!
.....'Tis in the papers" that, a few nights ago, Brother Beecher visited Barnum's, and chance and the usher piloted him to a seat exactly in front of Mr. Tilton. The latter got up and moved to another part of the house. Wasn't that rather rough on the other part of the house?.....The party of the domestic circle is not proof against those ghouls and vampyres who fancy our actresses have no rights which they need respect. A dispenser of gossip wilfully and maliciously publishes a worthy young actress's age at nineteen years, when she is in reality but eighteen years and six months! Is this the boasted freedom of the press, forsooth?.....It is alleged that Theodore Thomas, since his opening in Cincinnati, has discovered a musical prodigy, a twelve-year-old boy, of "poor but honest parents." And at the time Theodore was unearthing this wonderful violin-player, some religious papers were exceedingly vile in charging Brother Thomas with imbibing lemonade at a "German."".....Just as the Southern epidemic in America is terminating, news comes that a Sothern disease in England has broken out. ["Where is the p'int into that?" Don't you see the practical joke in it? "I don't see nuthin' into it." It refers to the illness of Sothern the actor. "Ah! Why don't you get out a book called 'Hard Jokes Made Easy?'".....'My Son" is one of the latest additions to the dramatic circle. If the same efforts are continued, we may look for the advent of the entire family.....Since the shouldering-up of the Manhattan Bank, managers exercise a good deal of caution as to where they deposit their surplus effects. Those who have no surplus have the satisfaction of knowing that *they* can't suffer if all the other Manhattan banks had their deposits removed. .....'Owing to the great success of 'Mother and Son'" at the Union-square Theatre, other novelties will succeed it at an early day.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

"The Red Hussars," a string orchestra of about forty instruments, who arrived early last week from Hamburg, have since been attracting much attention in virtue of their brilliant uniforms. It is to be hoped that the public will fancy their music as much as their clothes. Their first concert is treated of elsewhere.....Mapleson has wisely resolved to let poor Sandy Bisset rest. Instead of forcing the opera of "Orleans" to a continuous "run," the Colonel has in one shape or another ("Der Freischutz" and "Faust") played the Devil at the Academy of Music.....The annual competition for the free scholarship offered by the Grand Conservatory of Music, this city, is to take place at Steinway Hall this afternoon, Nov. 4. There are nearly one thousand candidates. Last year but thirty-six qualified out of the eight hundred.....The management actually sailed from Liverpool on Oct. 29. The squeak of his fiddle has not been heard in this city in quite a while. He now brings with him a fiddle that is new to us, and a name that is a trifle strange in its orthography. Nevertheless, the memory of the old fiddle lingers here, and the change of a vowel or two in a name cannot cool our regard for its owner. A week or two will witness his American debut—on the hills, and in the average rebus-ment actually sailed from Liverpool on Oct. 29. The paper.....At the Hawthorne Rooms, Boston, on Nov. 1, the first ("Macbeth") of a series of six Shakespearian readings was given by George Riddle, the Harvard graduate, who has forsaken the stage for the science.....Mlle. Marie Litta has been endeavoring to annul her contract with Strakosch because of a prior one with other parties. This accounts for her not having appeared already with the Strakosch Troupe. Max refused to cancel, and it is not exactly clear to us how the Illinois prima-donna can march under Max's banner.....Miss Clara Brown, a young reaper of promise, was heard at Walsh's Hall, Chicago, on the night of Oct. 30.....In "Stars and Garters," recently brought out at the Folly Theatre, London, Eng., Lydia Thompson and the ballet have a scene of reciprocal kissing. It was then that the small-boy aloft got in his work, and became positively cruel in his advice: "Beware of the paint!".....Signor Campobello of Magnesson's Troupe has arrived here..... Mrs. Charles Cogbill and daughter sailed for England on Oct. 30.....Rudolph Aronson is to institute a series of Sunday-night concerts in Gilmore's Garden on Nov. 10.....Remenyi is to play at the first Philharmonic Concert this season, which will be given at our Academy of Music on Nov. 23.....Bronson Howard's "Lillian," altered in spots and called 'The Banker's Daughter," is to be the "novelty" at the Union-square Theatre, this city, next week.....Joe Wheelock has been engaged to travel with Miss Mary Anderson as her special support. Dr. Hamilton Griffin, the lady's manager, is to be congratulated upon the accession of Wheelock to his forces..... The first public rehearsal of the series of symphony concerts at Steinway Hall, this city, under the baton of Dr. Damrosch, will be given on Nov. 7, and the first rehearsal for the Chickering Hall series, under Prof. Gotthold Carlberg, will take place on the 14th.....Tracy Titus' English-opera Company come to town on Nov. 11, when Laura Joyce will appear in this city after a long absence, and Miss Catherine Lewis will make her first bow to a metropolitan audience.....E. A. Sothern is suffering from exhaustion, and the cable announces that his physicians, conceiving that absolute rest is essential to his complete recovery, have forbidden him to play again during the next six months.....Mr. Sothern's name is to be Samuel Phelps. England's foremost Shakespearian comedian. His physicians fear he will never be able to play again.....Then there is John Baldwin Buckstone, prolific playwright and once a prosperous Encore manager, whose needs are so pressing that a subscription for his relief has been opened in London.....Richard Realf, the story of whose sad life and death is elsewhere briefly recounted, was at one time a horribly unfortunate to be known as a dramatist. He completed at least one play and submitted it to a popular actor, who may or may not have read it. At all events, the MS. was in good time returned to the author. Later (in 1868, while Realf was a private in the Regular Army and stationed on Governor's Island, he began, and we think completed, a dramatization of "Les Miserables." Whether he ever submitted this to a star or manager we do not know; but he believed it to be his greatest work, and, in that belief, burned the MS. in a fit of despondency and rage.....On the evening of Oct. 31, the cantata of "Esther" was rendered at Calvary Church, this city, by the Union Singing Association, who are all colored, and who had previously performed "Ruth the Moabite."..... Theodore Thomas has at last located his Cincinnati residence. It is on Walnut Hills.....Sig. Ferrani, the baritone returned from Europe on Oct. 30 in the steamship Amerique. .....Mlle. Zare Thalberg is to give a series of concerts in the chief towns of Holland.....'Konig Jerome" is the title of a comic opera announced by Herr Ziehrer, and which is to be produced this season at the Ringtheatre, Vienna.....The Joseph Surface at Wallack's Theatre last week was C. Leslie Gossin, specially engaged for a couple of performances.....After its production in Vienna, Herr Baumstein's grand opera "Nero" is to be given in French at Antwerp.....In the Carlberg concerts, this city, Miss Kate Thayer, the New Orleans vocalist, is to be one of the features.....The St. Louis fashionables bulked better than they knew. According to a statement from that city, the story that ex-Governor Tilden was engaged to marry a Miss Hazeltine was received in order to advertise a charitable performance of "The Mistletoe Bough," in which the bride was to play the role of the bride. It was intended that the story should be circulated only in St. Louis, where it would do the most good.....In Dover, Eng., the other day, the ex-Empress Eugenie, upon her face, fell and severely hurt. It is perhaps not clear to most readers that this is the proper department in which to mention that this long-suffering woman still suffers. But then it is best sometimes to acknowledge your ignorance. She has been an actress, she having played the leading role in one of "Eight" Feuillet's eighty or more pieces.....Anton Rubinstein's opera of "The Demon" has reached at least its fifteenth representation in Germany. Herr Gura and Frau Reeves, Charles Santley and Miss Midge are accompanying Christine Nilsson on her English concert tour. .....Herman Linde, the Shakespearian mnemonic, who has been playing Falstaff and Shylock to the English-speaking stage, is to impersonate a series of his favorite characters in this city, about January next.....Miss Roberta Norwood is playing in "Pink Dominos" at the London Gaiety.....Mr. Frank T. Leslie, "a young variety actor, twenty-two years old, from Indianapolis, Ind.," reports *The Cincinnati Enquirer* of Oct. 31, "was arrested under suspicious circumstances as he was leaving a down-town store with seven or eight silk handkerchiefs at low prices." In the metropolis now, it would not be regarded as a suspicious circumstance for an actor to have a wardrobe consisting of seven handkerchiefs.....Lillie Hall, the "Queen of the Forest" in Maine, was recently the recipient, on the stage in Portland, of an elegant gold watch and chain. She is doing mainly the title-role in "Andy Blake," and is supported by Fred Turner.....Mr. Carpenter, proprietor of the Continental Hotel, Newark, N. J., has a canary-bird that trills "The Swiss Waltz," and sings "Whoa, Emma!" "The Sweet By-and-bye," and "Rock-a-bye Baby." It recently figured in a bird concert, given at that hotel for the benefit of the yellow-fever sufferers. Clara Louise Kellogg's gymnastic feats upon double horizontal bars by Zegrino and Legab aroused the enthusiasm of the audience; Charles H. Duncan sang a number of songs quite effectively; Kittie O'Neil repeated her familiar but entertaining jig and reel dances; Williams and Sullivan in rough Irish songs-and-dances were quite acceptable, and one of them subsequently gave creditable imitations of popular variety performers; and the popular young Miss Bailey Barry, Harry Kernell, George S. Knight, etc.; Harry Osborne and Fannie Wentworth in their sketch entitled "The Lad and Lass from Ireland," were quite amusing; Dick Gorman, a German comique, whose style differs from all others, now before the public, scored a success. He also sang a song in pigeon-English, during which he interpolated a number of Chinese conundrums, who prides himself upon his knowledge of our langunge, talking with a customer, with side-speeches to his fellow-workmen in his own language, which evoked much laughter. Andy Colom gave a banjo-song with witticisms, and played a medley of popular airs with full orchestral accompaniment. A new sketch by Edward Harrigan, entitled "Our Jack-makers," was acted for the first time Oct. 21, with the author and Dan Patrick Daly, a successful candidate for the Assembly, and Tony Hart as Patruccio Quincy Daly, his brother, who has just arrived from Ireland, the support being by the principal members of the company. It contains some telling hits at political customs, and there is a sensational scene, during which a steamboat going up the Hudson River comes in collision with the bower. Their bowsprit penetrating the cabin of the first-named. The last scene represents a Caledonian picnic by moonlight. Athletic sports, including high-vaulting, were given by Crossley and Elder, who made their first appearance in this city since their return from Europe, and tossing the cabor and sack-racing were indulged in by several members of the company.....The boys composing the Mimic Twenty-ninth Regiment were seen in a march and heard in a new song, composed by Dave Braham, entitled "The Seventy-ninth Brave Highlanders." Besides the above, Johnson and Bruno continued their songs-and-dances, and John Shay acted in the sketch of "Knock Me Down," and John Wild and Billy Gray in an old sketch rechristened "C. O. D."

RUMOR says that the Olympic Theatre is again to be opened with a variety entertainment, one report assigning the management to Sandy Spencer, another to Josh Hart.

HARRY MINER offers the patrons of his new theatre this week Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the Four Aces—Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin—Breverde and Sawtelle, the Sheridan Brothers, Vic Reynolds, Dunbar and Bartollo, Mollie Wilson, the Ida Forrests, and the Zanfretta Pantomime Troupe.

EDWARD E. KIDDER, business-manager of Joseph Murphy's Combination, was in town Oct. 30.

MINNIE LODER, Sam and Carrie Swain, Ben Cotton Jr., Little Sallie, C. L. Clark of the Clark Brothers, and the Landis Brothers arrived from England Oct. 27 in the steamship California.

THE ANNUAL BENEFIT of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, which is to take place at the Academy of Music on the afternoon of Thursday, Nov. 21, promises to be unusually interesting, the managers of this city lending the aid of some of their best performers, and otherwise contributing to the success of the entertainment. Among the list of volunteers are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williamson, Harrigan and Hart, Geo. Knight and Sophie Worrell, Maude Granger, Edmond S. Conner (who has not appeared in New York in eighteen years), Den Thompson, Chas. R. Thorne, Miss Maude Harrison, Chas. R. Pope, Birch and Backus, the entire Mapleson Opera Troupe, Harry Bryant, the Big Four—consisting of Leslie, Allen, Tierney and Cronin—Doud Byron, Bobby Newcomb, Jenny Yeamans, Levy; Miss E. Mills, vocalist, daughter of Clark Mills the sculptor. Every theatre in New York has been tendered to the committee, except Wallack's.

NELLIE HASSON, while performing in the London Oct. 30, was presented with a pair of gold bracelets, attached to a bouquet, handed to her from a private box.

J. K. EMMET'S Fritz proves to be such a powerful magnet that it attracted crowded audiences to the Standard Theatre last week, despite the excitement attendant upon the approaching election.

WESLEY CASKY are to commence an engagement with the San Francisco Minstrels Nov. 4.

"FROU-FROU" was withdrawn at the Fifth-avenue Theatre Nov. 2. For Modjeska's benefit, Nov. 1, the balcony-scene from "Romeo and Juliet," in which Frank Clements reappeared as Romeo, was added to the programme, and continued the rest of the week. Business fell off during the week.

"STANDING-ROOM ONLY" was displayed in the vestibule of the Park Theatre several nights during the past week. "La Cigale" and Lotta's sprightly acting of the title role have hit the popular taste, and a successful run is anticipated.

A GOOD BUSINESS was done at Niblo's Garden since the last report, although the attendance was not so large as during the previous week, "The Deluge" continuing the attraction. Charles Pope, who acted Satan for the last time Nov. 2, is to be succeeded by F. A. Tannehill.

ELIZABETH VON STAMWITZ closed her engagement at the Broadway Theatre Nov. 2, "Messalina" giving place to "Leah the Forsaken" Oct. 30. As the Jewish maiden this artist had better opportunity to display her tragic powers, although she evinced the same faults which marred somewhat her Messalina. The curse was delivered in a powerful manner, and during the evening she was several times summoned before the curtain. The drama was well played, J. F. Wheelock being an excellent Joseph, M. V. Lingham an impressive and effective Nathan, and J. H. Burnett a comical Ludwig, while the others in the cast exhibited attentive care. The attendance averaged fair.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN has engaged a first-class variety company of twenty-two performers to open in the Standard Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., the latter part of December. The company will play their way out, visiting the principal cities en route.

WOODA COOK, Marquise, a Brazilian rider of repute, who will make his metropolitan debut; and the three Herbert Brothers, acrobats, are to be added to the already powerful company of Barnum's Circus this week.

THIS WILL BE THE LAST WEEK of "The Deluge" at Niblo's Garden. F. A. Tannehill will replace Charles Pope as Satan, and J. F. Peters will act Cain. Oliver Doud Byron

THE RIGHTEST week's business at all of the theatres in Chicago, Ill., since the opening of the season was that done last week, says our correspondent, who adds: "The two principal causes were the election excitement and the beginning of cold weather. The only exception to the rule was Hooley's, where large audiences attended the entertainments of Salsbury's Troubadours. The comedietta 'Two Can Play at That Game,' in which N. Salsbury, John Webster and Nellie McHenry took part, and Salsbury's extravaganza 'The Brook,' in which all participated, constituted the attraction each evening. The latter sketch has been much improved in every way, and Nate Salsbury, John Webster, John Gourlay and Nellie McHenry, returning to us fresh from their recent Australian and Boston triumphs, seemed imbued with fresh life and vigor, and all acted with great dash and spirit, while their fresh acquisition, Helen Dingeon, is a sweet singer and a charming actress. 'Patchwork' will be given 4....... At McVicker's Katy Mayhew has played a second week in 'Miss.' A playwright has been at work writing a new last act, excluding the society element, and bringing the action of the drama back to the scene of the first act, thus retaining the mountain atmosphere throughout. In this amended form it will be presented afternoon and evening Nov. 2, and continued another week. Too much credit cannot be bestowed upon Manager McVicker for the beautiful manner in which he has put this drama on the stage, the most perfect realism being effected. Miss Mayhew's engagement will be followed by a two weeks' season of the Strakosch-Kellogg-Cary Opera Troupe, beginning Nov. 11, during which McVicker and company will visit the neighboring towns, playing in Joliet, Ill., Nov. 11, 12, Bloomington 13, 14, Springfield 15, 16, Pekin 18, Streator 19, Aurora 20, 21. Horace McVicker will officiate as business manager, Jake Murray acting as advance agent.....Alice Sherwood, having severed her connection with the Louise Pomeroy Combination at Pittsburg, arrived here Oct. 28.....A number of Ed. Clarke's disbanded 'Uncle Tom' Combination arrived here Nov. 1..... Harry Hapgood is now managing the business of Lydia Hastings the reader.....The 'Nip and Tuck' Company, under the management of Finch & Webber, are reported as doing a good business in Iowa.....Harry Chapman has recently returned from Waukesha Springs, where he has been sojourning for the Summer....Gus Mortimer has been in town again, busily preparing for the return visit of Colville's Folly Troupe to Haverly's Nov. 4.....At the New Chicago 'Girofle-Girofla' has drawn a succession of very fair houses. The week closes Manager Wurster's season, with the exception of regular Sunday nights. He claims to have lost something like $7,000 by his week-day speculation."

CINCINNATI, O., NEWS to Nov. 2, as reported by our correspondent, runs thus: "Greiff's Opera-house, which opened for the season Oct. 26, is a neat little theatre, with an excellent stage. The attraction was the Blanche Meda Combination in 'Won at Last.' Notwithstanding a good play been better acted; but the attendance was poor. Never was sold in the hall between acts, and prices were comparatively high. The beer probably kept away the class willing to pay the prices. The scenery was handsome. The Meda Combination close Nov. 2, going to Providence, R. I. Fanny Louise Buckingham is the succeeding attraction, as popular prices, and Ada Gray announced for 11. At the Grand Opera-house Warde & Barrymore's Combination in 'Diplomacy' have attracted good houses. The scenery was nearly all new, from the pencil of De Witt C. Waugh, and was certainly exquisite. The performance was even and enjoyable, though the cast would probably be improved by having Mr. Warde and Mr. Barrymore rotate parts. The Kellogg Opera Troupe follow 4, Colville's Folly Company 11, and Roberts' 'Humpy Dumpty' party 18.....Joseph Proctor opened at Heuck's 28, playing in 'Richelieu' three nights, 'Jack Cade' Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, and 'Nick of the Woods' 2, 3; houses good. Mr. D. Bebus, who played De Mauprat, left abruptly Nov. 1. He is supposed to have gone to Sherwood via Chicago. The 'Chicago' Combination opens 4, Sam Devere 11.....Al. Thayer, well known to the profession on account of various acts of courtesy and kindness, has severed connection with the Panhandle R. R., and become passenger agent of the Atlantic and Great Western R. R....The company engaged for Greiff's Opera-house embraces Lillian Hooker, W. L. Norcross, E. E. Redford, Fred Keni, Chas. E. Broadwell, R. Scudder, Charles Cook, Emma Hendricks, Mrs. J. R. Allen, Lillian Travis, Nettie Davenport, and Marian Norwood.....Frank Foster has resumed his position in Heuck's Company..... On account of an accident to Mr. Barrymore Nov. 1, Mr. Warde played his character at the matinee 2."

A CLEVER DRAMA of Mrs. Burnett's novel "That Lass o' Lowrie's," was performed for the first time in Philadelphia at the North Broadstreet Theatre, Oct. 28, by the Marie Gordon Combination. The cast was as follows: Joan Lowrie, Miss Marie Gordon; Dan Lowrie, Junius B. Booth; Sam Craddock, Wm. Davidge Sr.; Fergus Dewar, Barry Macollum; Will Barlow, Miss Florence Wood; Mr. Barholm, J. J. Spies; Paul Grace, John Ritchie; Spraggs, Sedley Brown; Bradley, Alf. Ray; Morgan, Arthur Morton; Anice Barholm, Miss Geraldine Maye; Liz, Miss Josephine Flagg. Julian Magnus, the adapter, is to be credited with a praiseworthy dramatization, the only fault being that the plot, in itself extremely simple, is developed with unnecessary length. The story is closely followed, and the representation thereof was in all respects creditable. Miss Marie Gordon made a most excellent impression in the title-role; and Miss Geraldine Maye, Wm. Davidge Sr., and Henry Dalton are also deserving of praise for their acting. The piece was well mounted, and attracted fair audiences during the week. Charles Pope commences Nov. 4.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, an attractive programme was given during the week according to fresh notices, the leading respective specialties of Murphy and Fletcher, Harrington and Johnson and Lillian Forrest, and concluding with the border-drama "Daniel Boone," in which Joseph P. Winter gave an effective rendition of the title-role. The new people announced are the Creston Brothers, Lou Sandford, Press Eldridge, F. Grant, and Dominick Murrayin "Escaped from Sing Sing." Business has been very good here.

AT THE CHESTNUT-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, large houses have witnessed the production for the first time in that city of the new comedy "My Son." The author has supplied abundance of material from which to procure much mirth and amusement, and Geo. H. Griffin as Sir Dwight, Miss Lillie Glover and Alice Mansfield, and the other artists engaged exerted themselves in a happy and energetic manner to give a felicitous interpretation of their various roles. The scenery elicited every mark of favor. "My Son" enters upon its second week Nov. 4.

IGNATIUS O'BYRNE, who is engaged for the season with the Agnes Herndon Comedy Combination, publishes his permanent address in another department.

NICK ROBERTS' "HUMPTY DUMPTY" TROUPE shows in Dayton, O., Nov. 4, Springfield 5, Fort Wayne, Ind., 6, Lafayette 7, Terre Haute 8, 9, Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, 11, one week, Grand Opera, Cincinnati, 18, one week. The company includes two clowns—"Grimaldi" and Constantine—Ida "Grimaldi," Columbine; Joseph Harris, Pantaloon; Charles W. Ravel, Harlequin; Annie Fox, William Ashton, Marietta Zanfretta, Jennie Miaco, Blanche Siegrist, Robert Honeywood, William Erringer, Thomas Browning, F. Hildebrand, Ben Hoffman, Emilie Regan, Emma Almonte, Young America, Master Robby S. Roberts, the Sleeth Children and Emil O. Wolff, leader of orchestra. N. D. Roberts is proprietor and manager, and George S. Sidney agent.

MAYOR STOKLEY of Philadelphia received, a few weeks ago, a petition signed by a large number of members of the dramatic profession, making charges against the management of the Forrest Home. Since the Mayor's Committee by other members of the Board of Managers, has visited the Forrest Home, and he makes known the result of their investigation in the following letter:

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29, 1878.

WILLIAM DAVIDGE, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.—SIR: I presume that my note of the 14th inst came duly to hand. On Tuesday last, Oct. 22, in company with four others of the Board I visited the Forrest Home for the purpose of satisfying myself as to the allegations set forth in your favor of the 30th ult.

In regard to your statement "it is a well-known fact that the home is not properly wanting in proper order and regularity," I reply it gives me pleasure to say that you are entirely in error. We found everything in perfect order, and with an air of neatness, not to say elegance, that it would be impossible to find exceeded in any institution.

"The party in charge takes little or no care of it." On the contrary, the person in charge takes every care of it. I may be that Mr. McArdle is deficient in some matters, but it would, in the opinion of all the Board present, be difficult to find anyone who would better fill the place. In this connection I may state that it was the opinion of the Board will be glad at any time to hear and examine any complaint that may be properly made against the superintendent and if well founded, the board will not hesitate to take such steps as may be necessary.

"The grounds are neglected." This cannot be said with justice. It is true the grounds and roads are not free from leaves, but this is impossible in this season of the year. It will be remembered, too, that the institution is conducted with the strictest economy.

"The inmates are without the means of procuring sufficient or, indeed, any clothing save that obtained from friends." Now, on this point you are strangely in error. We found the inmates cleanly and comfortably clad, and just before your favor of the 30th ult. came to hand one of the members of the Board had taken the gentlemen inmates and purchased entire suits at the cost of the Home.

"With very little attention and executive ability the land could be rented for market-garden purposes, thereby making the place self-sustaining." We gave special attention to this point. The distance is too great from the city for a truck-farm. The farm is rented to a competent farmer, who, under the terms of the lease, is bound to improve the land. The graperies are rented, and the only portion of the entire 110 acres not rented is some twenty acres around the mansion.

"No rules and regulations for the proper conduct of the Home are exhibited." On this point, too, you are mistaken. The rules which were adopted by the Board when the time of the opening of the institution are printed and were read by us, and it would be difficult to suggest any additions to them. I may observe that not three months ago one of the Board of Managers read the rules in the presence of all the inmates, and commented on them at length. In some respects these rules have been violated; but the Board of Directors, while determined to have them adhered to, have not deemed it their duty to deal harshly or too strictly with those who are objects of Mr. Forrest's bounty.

In order to satisfy ourselves thoroughly, I asked that the ladies and gentlemen inmates should meet us in the parlor. They did so, and I spoke to them of the contents of your letter, and begged them that if they or any of them had the slightest ground of complaint that they or any of them would frankly say so; that the members of the Board would only be too happy to remedy any wrong. Each and every one of them immediately rose, and in the warmest language expressed their surprise at any such imputation, and assured us that they were contented and happy, and most grateful to Mr. Forrest for giving them a home.

In conclusion, I cannot but think you have been imposed upon. I assure you again that if you or anyone interested in the institution has cause to complain, a communication addressed to the Board, to me or any member, will be accurately received and thoroughly investigated. Yours respectfully, WILLIAM S. STOKLEY, Mayor.

Mr. Davidge says he was much surprised to receive the above letter from Mayor Stokley, and that it should not have been addressed to him, but to the many actors who signed the petition, and it was to a letter marked "private and confidential" that Mayor Stokley has replied, and not to the petition of the actors. Mr. Davidge's reply to Mayor Stokley follows:

It affords me very great pleasure on behalf of my professional brethren to find that at the *present date* my statements in regard to the condition of the Forrest Home are erroneous or misstated. My communication to you was based upon the information of parties of such reliability that I cannot for a moment doubt the accuracy of their correctness, when they were there some time since.

The dramatic profession owe you a debt of gratitude for your kindly regard, and no one feels your friendly influence with more concern than

Yours truly, WILLIAM DAVIDGE.

CONCERNING AMUSEMENTS in Boston, Mass., up to Nov. 4, our correspondent sends the following report:

The disagreeable and stormy weather, together with the excitement of the impending State election, has had a depressing effect upon the attendance at our theatres, though at some houses, notably the Howard Athenæum, where on Oct. 28 "Unknown" was presented for the first time in Boston, a large week's business was done. The drama, divided into five acts and seven tableaux, is not altogether dull, and contains some good situations, though it is highly reminiscent of former popular and successful plays of the latter-day stamp. The manner of its presentation by John A. Stevens and his company of actors is such as to insure it an excellent representation. Mr. Stevens last season formed one of the supporting company of Kate Claxton, and appeared with her on one or two occasions at the Globe Theatre. He has now, in the part of Harold the Unknown, a character suited to his style, and in it he acts to suit his audiences of the less discriminating sort. To our taste his scenics are too long-drawn-out, but he gains applause and draws, and that is his ultimatum. George F. Ketchum, an old Boston favorite, as Jimmy, gave a grotesque and striking performance. A scene in the beginning of act third is introduced to allow him an opportunity to display his talents as a monologue artist, and his description of his adventures in a political crowd, his imitation of a speaker, and his subsequent trip to Saratoga, with imitations of the "animals" he lives with, were given in a manner at first quaint and laughable manner, and formed one of the chief attractions. William H. Bailey was thoroughly at home as the old sailor Jack Salt. T. J. Graham was amusing as the Irish servant Pat, and T. J. Marin (a recent accession to the company) and Frank E. Jamison were sufficiently villainous as Doctor Brinkton and the tool Arnold Tyron. Lottie Church and Charles Morris as the two lovers were provided with too much baby-talk. The remaining characters were well handled by Walter Joyce, Arthur Williams, James Stinson, Helen Vincent, Helen Willoughby and Louisa Gillman. The piece was excellently mounted, and much credit is due Manager Tryon and Stinson for their liberality in this respect. "The Unknown" Combination are to appear in Woonsocket, R. I., Nov. 4, Newport 5, Brockton, Mass., 6, Salem, 7, 8, Lynn 9, New Bedford 11, Woonsocket, R. I., 12, Newport 13, Fall River, Mass., 14, 15, Taunton 16.....Frederick Clark's comedy "A False Title" has been continued on the bills at the Gaiety Theatre during the entire week, and, considering the unfavorable circumstances of things theatrical, has drawn fairly. Eben Plympton, who was suffering from neuralgia on the opening night, was wholly unfit to play Sir Peter, his part of Lord Kensington was assumed by the author. Mr. Plympton was so far recovered as to appear at the subsequent performances of the week. The company go hence to Middletown, Ct., 4, Norwich 5, New London 6, and are to appear in their own Standard Theatre, New York, 9. The New Park Theatre Comedy Company, headed by Agnes Booth and James Lewis, open 4 in "Old Love-letters" and "Hurricanes?".....Hugo's melodrama "Cosette" has been played at each performance of the week at the Boston Theatre, excepting at an extra matinee 30, when William S. Schmitt made his first appearance on any stage as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" to an audience numbering about three hundred persons. For one so young and inexperienced in stage matters an excellent impression was made, although the performance was not one of striking originality. The support was rendered in the usual Boston Theatre company. Louis James appearing as Bassanio; Harry Edwards, Gratiano; M. M. Price, Antonio; and Mrs. Thomas Barry, Portia. "Cosette" will be performed the present week.....The successful comedy "My Son" received its thirty-ninth and last performance for the present at the Boston Museum afternoon of Nov 2, having been played to large audiences throughout its stay of 74 nights, ending Nov. 2 the London and New York version of Sardou's "Dora," now called "Diplomacy," was given for the first time to a crowded and enthusiastic house. Another adaptation of the same play opened the season, and is identical in story, though the characters are differently named, those of Andre Maurrillac, Lucien Favrolle, Mons. Tekly, Baron Von Schaffenhausen and Francois Dolcevay, in the first, corresponding with Captain Julian Beauclerc, Henry Beauclerc, Count Orloff, Baron Stein, Markham, and Lady Henry Fairfax in the latter, to which is also added that of Mrs. Malaprop, Antonia. The present is a more concentrated and interesting work than the other, the personages having a more direct relation to one another, being elaborated and strengthened and filled out to suit the dramatic requirements of one another, and, although the language is sometimes commonplace and in one instance suggestive, it is concise and direct. This cast is also superior to the initial one, and in it the ladies and gentlemen in one and all, save their best efforts and were entirely successful. Annie Clarke has rarely so thoroughly identified herself with a part as with the Countess Zicka. In it she presents different emotions in a most artistic way, and is wholly consistent, strong and resistful. Marie Wainwright was very pleasing as Dora, and the mingling of innocence, love and outraged womanhood was cleverly expressed and defined, while the interview and parting with her husband was given with more warmth and power than has been observable in her former assumptions. A great improvement was noticeable in the acting of Mr. Crisp, who now appears as Count Julian Beauclerc. The Henry Beauclerc of B. R. Graham was capital, after the nervousness of the early scene had been worn off. J. R. Haworth is already established as a favorite, and his assumption of Count Orloff was a decided success. Alcie Fairfax, a new character, was played by George W. Wilson in a light and humorous manner, and was a relief to the more dismal surroundings. Mrs. Fred Williams was a capable representative of Lady Henry Fairfax, and Mrs. J. R. Vincent, Miss Sadie Martinot, Alfred Hudson, James Nolan, and the Misses Melbourne, Schiller, Shannon and Bowman in the remaining characters. The manager, Mion, Baron Stein, Markham, Sheppard, Cloch, Antoine, Francois and Messenger aided in giving one of the smoothest first performances we have seen for some time. The performers were all received warmly and heartily, Mr. Crisp and Miss Wainwright being called before the curtain at the close of the first and third acts, the lady being presented with a harp and bouquet of flowers, and Messrs. Crisp and Haworth receiving a recall after the second act. The same piece will be repeated another week.....The next dramatic attraction at the Howard Athenæum will be Charlotte Thompson, who appears Wed. 13 as Oberon in "No Thoroughfare," supported by Lizzie Price, Gabrielle Du Sauld, Frank Hardenberg and John W. Albaugh..... A meeting of the rightholders to seats in the Globe Theatre, Dalton, held at the office of Chairman Charles E Powers Oct. 28. A proposition was submitted them from John Stetson, who is desirous of leasing the theatre, desiring the stockholders to relinquish their rights in seats for a term of 10 years, accepting in the meanwhile a door pass for one or more seats, at the end of which time Mr. Stetson may elect to buy outright the privilege of the owners for $100 for each seat. This proposition was not favorably received by the thirty or forty gentlemen present, and the chairman and Mr. Upton of the original committee were authorized to conclude an arrangement with Mr. Stetson whereby he should purchase outright the interests of the holders for $200 for each seat. The matter now seems nearer settlement, as the ground rent, due Nov. 1, was not paid, which is a virtual relinquishment of the property by the executors of the Cheney estate. The land-owners will not exercise their right in the matter till seven days have elapsed; but there is every probability that the theatre property will come into their possession, in which case an early opening of the theatre proper will be made..... The Boston Museum Company will, perhaps, during the run of the new English comic opera "Billee Taylor," make a New England tour with "My Son." ..... The new burlesque on "William Tell" has been finished, and is now in the hands of the scenic painters, who will soon prepare it. The words and text are by J. Cheever Goodwin, music by John J. Braham.....Pizarro" will be produced in grand scenic style at the Boston Theatre during John McCullough's engagement there, in January.....Annie Pixley, John E. McDonough, and Ed. Lamb appear at the Portland (Me.) Theatre 7, 8, 9, in "Miss Multon."..... The Boston Lodge of Elks held their annual meeting and election of officers at their rooms 3. 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WILL E. CHAPMAN in "The New Detective" played Oct. 28, 29, 30, at the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., to a slim attendance. Mrs. Chapman filled the rest of the week with business, not, however, commensurate with the merits of the company.....At the Detroit Opera-house Robson and Crane, with their own company, did a good business Oct. 28, 29, 30, presenting "Our Boarding-house." Nov. 4 R. Mansuley brings "A Messenger from Jarvis Section," for one week. Manager T. W. Davey left 2, to join Lawrence Barrett.

BLANCHE DE BAR opens in Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 4, in "Ruth Vaughn."..... Oliver Doud Byron, supported by Sam Devere, drew good houses at Albaugh's Holliday-street Theatre the past week. "Donald McKay" was acted Oct. 28, 29, "Rebel to the Core" 30, 31, and "Across the Continent" Nov. 1, matinee and night 2. Maggie Mitchell, Wm. Harris and Olivia Rand open 4..... L. D. Bloodsell has bought the right to play "Hand and Glove" this season.

AT THE LELAND OPERA-HOUSE, Albany, N. Y., during the past week, the Park Theatre Company succeeded in attracting a series of very appreciative audiences. They appeared in "Old Love-letters," "Hurricanes," "Champagne and Oysters" and "Baby," all of which were admirably rendered and warmly received..... Joseph Murphy and company open Nov. 4 in "Kerry Gow."

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 28, the Bertha and Ida Foy Burlesque Company opened a four nights' engagement in "Mischief." The performances were of the usual character, and served to attract good houses. Nov. 2 matinee and evening, Fanny Davenport appeared in "Divia" before overflowing audiences. Announcements: Nov. 4, 5, Sprague's Georgia Minstrels; 6, Tracy Titus' English Opera Troupe in "The Bells of Corneville."

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S COMBINATION is billed in Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 4, 5, Wooster, O., 6, Canton 7, Alliance 8, Youngstown 9, New Castle, Pa., 11, Oil City 12, Titusville 13, Bradford 14, 15, Erie 16; thence to Canada, for one week.

TONY DENIER'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" TROUPE performed in Erie, Pa., Oct. 30, to a big house; thence to Cleveland, O., 31, Nov. 1, 2, Indianapolis, Ind., 4, 5, 6, Louisville, Ky., 7, 8, 9, Frankford 10.

IN WHEELER'S OPERA-HOUSE, Toledo, O., Robson and Crane played Oct. 29, 30, to fair business. Route: Detroit 31, Nov. 1, 2, Cleveland 4, one week; Pittsburg 11, one week, then to Park Theatre, New York.....Geo. C. Boniface in "The Soldier's Trust" and "Micawber and Peggotty" acted Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2, to moderate business. Route: Cleveland 4, one week, Pittsburg 11, one week. Billed hereare: Mrs. Chanfrau 4, 5, in "A Woman of the People" and "Parted;" the Colby Concert Company 6; Pat Rooney's Comedy Combination 7; the Eastern dramatic feature 8 to 16.

J. B. ASHTON'S COMBINATION in "Rip Van Winkle," "Fanchon," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2, played in Hornellsville, N. Y., to moderate business. The wonderful "ten-year-old child-actress little Derritt Ashton as Fanchon and Topsy was excellent." Route: Canesto Nov. 4, 5, Attica 6 7, Warsaw 8, 9.....John Thompson is billed for 8.

W. H. CLARKE'S "Uncle Tom" Company are to perform in Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 4, Cortland 5, Norwich 6, Owego 7, Binghamton 8, Scranton, Pa., 9.

THE WILKINSONS in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are billed for Batavia, N. Y., Nov. 4, Castile 5, Warsaw 6, Hornellsville 7, Corning 8, Elmira 9.

MUSICAL.

THE PAYSON OPERA TROUPE is to sing in Bradford, Pa., Nov. 4, Jamestown, N. Y., 5, Warren, Pa., 6, Titusville 7, Oil City 8, 9, Petrolia 11, Parker 12, Franklin 13, Meadville 14, Sharon 15, New Castle 16.

MME. DE MINVILLE, French, Italian and English operatic vocalist, can be engaged through H. Marix Markham, whose address find in another column.

T. F. HARRELL, solo slide-trombone player, is traveling with the Oakes Bros.' Concert Co.

W. L. THOMPSON & Co., music-publishers, are issuing popular songs to professionals, postpaid, at 10c. each. They publish a list elsewhere.

S. S. STEWART, banjoist and teacher, has a newly arranged solo for the banjo entitled "O Dolce Concento" (Away with Melancholy), which includes variations and tremolo movement. See card.

FRED MILES, double-bass and tuba player, advertises for an engagement.

SPAULDING'S BELLBINGERS are to amuse the public in Danielsonville, Ct., Nov. 4, Putnam 5, Southbridge, Mass., 6, East Douglas 7, Webster, 8, 9.

THE LILIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY played in Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 28, 29, Auburn 30, Utica 31, Troy Nov. 1, 2, and are to open in Albany 4, for one week.

THE DIME BANJO MUSIC COMPANY will send a banjo string free, and other articles, as per card, to any address.

CINCINNATI NOTES.—The German Military Band, led by Carl Beyer, gave a concert at the Atlantic Garden Oct. 31.....Marie Van, on the eve of her departure for Italy, had a substantial benefit in Pike's Opera-house 1.....A season of Italian opera, with Kellogg and Cary as stars, commences at the Grand Opera-house 4..... Matinee organ concerts are given at the Music Hall Wednesdays and Saturdays.....The first of Theo. Thomas' orchestra-concerts takes place at Music Hall 7.....A musical festival by the Cincinnati Sængerbund takes places in Music Hall 16, 17, 18.

IN PORTLAND, ME., the Apollo Club will sing Nov. 8, the Camilla Urso Co. 12 (not 4 and 8 as reported last week), the Weber Quartet of Boston and Miss Laura Schirmer 28.

C. RIGGS, B-flat cornet-player, advertises for an engagement.

THE MONTEJO-LENCIONI Concert Combination gave a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Oct. 30, for the benefit of the uniform fund of the State Fencibles.....Marie Roze, Tom Karl, W. T. Carleton, Alfred H. Pease, Mark Kaiser, and Jeanne Douse, a child-violinist, appeared at a concert given at the Academy of Music on afternoon of Nov. 2.....Emma Abbott, assisted by the cornet-soloist, Mme. Julia Rive-King, and Miss Isabella Stone as soloist.

A B-FLAT AND A C Bertling clarionets, also stringband books, are offered for sale by J. T. Duffy, who advertises.

GEO. REYNOLDS, solo-pianist and xylophone-player, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged.

"FLAPPING ON THE WINDOW-PANE" and other new songs, now being made popular by Haverly's Minstrels, are published by C. Lewis & Co. of Chicago. See advertisement.

THE MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON Concert Company sang to a large audience in Reading, Pa., Nov. 1. They concertize at Wilmington, Del., 4, Baltimore, Md., 5, Washington, D. C., 6.

H. J. WETIMAN, song-publisher, advertises the latest songs and ballads.

THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY concluded a highly successful two weeks' engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Nov. 2. The operas presented during the week were "Martha," "Fra Diavolo," "Bohemian Girl," "Lurline," as Zerlina, "Mignon," "Chimes of Normandy" and "Faust." Miss Abbott's benefit on Friday was an ovation. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. On Saturday evening "Mignon" was presented to an overflowing house. Miss Adelaide Randall, Washington's favorite contralto, made her first appearance here in Mignon, the character in which she admirably sustained. In the closing scene Miss Abbott created a genuine furor, and the stage was literally covered with floral tributes.....Ole Bull, assisted by Miss Isabel Stone of Boston, gave a concert in Lincoln Hall Oct. 30.

ORCHESTRA PARTS to "Ixion," "French Spy" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are advertised for sale by Ned Straight.

MR. MAPLESON has canceled the date (Nov. 11) of the Roze Concert Troupe in Indianapolis, Ind.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM BOSTON, MASS.—The sacred and popular concert given at the Boston Theatre 27 by the Mapleson Opera Troupe, was exhibitanting and successful, the house being crowded. They were assisted by Lothian's Boston Theatre Orchestra.....Wilhelmj the violinist made an artistic success at the four concerts given at the Music Hall Thursday afternoons Oct. 24, 31, Nov. 7, 14, and matinee 2. He was assisted by Signor Tagliapietra, baritone; Kate L. James, soprano; Maud Morgan, harpist, and Mme. Pitcher, pianiste, orchestra under the direction of Carl Zerrahn, and Maurice Strakosch, who played the accompaniments. The attendance has been large. The annual meeting of the Lynn Choral Society will be held in Lynn Nov. 5, when it was decided to devote the future efforts of the society to the rendering of light music in place of the more classical and less interesting.....S. C. Bennett, conductor of the Bennett Opera Company, engaged parlors and bedrooms in Salem 28 with a gold-mounted baton from one of the members of the organization.....Josie E. Baker, pianist, and a pupil of Liszt, gave a farewell recital at the music store of William H. Sherwood afternoon of 31.....The fourth concert in the Old Bay State Course was given by the Barnabee Concert Company in Music Hall 31, the performers being Miss Emma C. Barnabee, soprano; Miss E. B. Carter, soprano; Anna Holbrook, contralto; J. C. Bartlett, tenor; Howard M. Dow, pianist; and R. Shubuch, cornet-soloist.....A crowded house was present at the concert of Miss Jennie Dutton, pianiste, assisted by Mme. Fabbri and pupils of Julius Eichberg's music school gave a concert at the rooms of the Boston Conservatory of Music 31. The performers were Miss A. E. Dukes and W. B. Phelps, vocalists; Ed. A. Baldin, violinist; Miss Nellie Readman, R. Nobie Catlin, last season at the Boston Museum, is now leader of the orchestra for John Stetson's "Evangeline" Company. .....A free piano-recital was given at Union Hall after-noon of Nov. 1 by Mme. Julia Rivé-King, who will soon prepare with the words and text are by J. Cheever Goodwin, music by John J. Braham.....Pizarro" will be produced in grand scenic style at the Boston Theatre during John McCullough's engagement there, in January.....Annie Pixley, John E. McDonough, and Ed. Lamb appear at the Portland (Me.) Theatre 7, 8, 9, in "Miss Multon."..... The Boston Lodge of Elks held their annual meeting and election of officers at their rooms 3. The architects and contractors are notified to send in proposals for the building of a new opera-house in New Bedford, Mass. .....Milton Nobles' combination witnessed the performance of "Unknown" at the Howard Athenæum afternoon of Oct. 30.... John D. Landy has constructed the scenery for the new burlesque, written by John J. McNally and Dexter Smith, for Rice's Surprise Party, and has sent the plans to New York, where it is to be produced..... Excursions will be made to Providence, R. I., from this city when Jarrett & Palmer produce "Henry VIII."..... A new play by Frank Mayo, entitled "Kerry Gow," is in rehearsal..... Election returns will be made at all our theatres 5..... Buffalo Bill and company appear in Bridgeport, Ct., 4, Waterbury 5, Winsted 6, Hartford 7, Willimantic 8, Norwich 9 and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," under the management of Anthony & Parsons, will be played in Seymour, Ct., 4, Ansonia 5, Bridgeport 9.....Charles H. Thayer's Dickens' Combination will be at South Norwich, Ct., 4, West Meriden 5, Middletown 7, New London 8, Springfield, Mass., 9.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 50 cents per line, the same notice to be inserted ones only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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THE NEW YORK
CLIPPER ALMANAC
For 1879

will be published early in January. The popular features of the preceding editions of THE ALMANAC, such as the RECORD OF FASTEST TIME, THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES, Etc., will be retained in this, and, in response to numerous requests, we shall republish the THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES which appeared in the editions of 1874 and 1875, carefully revised and amplified. It will also contain interesting sketches, poems, etc., with choice illustrations, and a variety of other new matter, which, we confidently expect, will make it more popular with our readers than any Almanac we have yet published, and insure it a very large circulation.

ANOTHER MARKED IMPROVEMENT WILL BE A NEW LITHOGRAPHED COVER OF ARTISTIC DESIGN, AND PRINTED IN COLORS.

ADVERTISEMENTS
FOR THE ALMANAC FOR 1879

will now be received at the following rates:

FOR ONE PAGE, 7¼ BY 4½ INCHES	$40
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FOR A SPACE OF 25 BY 31 EMS AGATE	5
FOR A SPACE OF 15 LINES AGATE	3
FOR A SPACE OF 10 LINES AGATE	2

Below is a specimen of a ten-line card, so that our readers can judge of the space and style:

THE NEWCOMERS,
FRESH AND BRIGHT,
THE MARVELOUS
Acrobats, Gymnasts and Balancers.
Permanent address care of CLIPPER office.

Please send in copy as early as convenient, and address all communications to
FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or 88 and 90 Centre st., N. Y.

THEODORE LOHR,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND STRINGS.
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FROM THE DETROIT POST AND TRIBUNE.—Detroit Opera-house—An auditorium packed to suffocation from top to bottom was the gladdening sight which met the managerial gaze when the curtain went up on the first-part of Haverly's stupendous minstrel show last evening. It is safe to say that those present never got so much burst-core entertainment for the money, and are not likely to again after to-night. By comparison with this mammoth organization the ordinary minstrel compafy is dwarfed into utter insignificance. With Manager Jack Haverly it is always the best or nothing. Just at present he is giving us the best of the kind which ingenuity and enterprise can secure. Instead of a dozen people, in suits of solemn black, ranged in semi-circle for a "first-part," Haverly introduces three rows of instrumentalists, singers and comedians, seated upon raised tiers, the grouping being novel and effective. The solo and chorus singing is very fine, the orchestration brilliant, and the comicalities and jokes of the eight end-men uncommonly fresh. The olio is long and replete with novelties, the most striking being a clog tournament and plantation song-and-dance act, in each of which there are twelve participants. Their dancing is characterized by admirable unity of movement. Both acts were received with hilarious and enthusiastic approval.

FROM THE DETROIT NEWS.—The Detroit Opera-house was filled in all its parts last evening, and so much jollity could scarce have been anticipated by any patron on starting for the show. Haverly has eclipsed every former effort in the minstrel line in the presentation of his "United Mastodon" performance. When the curtain was raised 40 burnt-cork artists, arranged on the stage a la Theodore Thomas' orchestra, were seen, and the "first-part" they gave was filled with good singing, good music, and side-splitting talk between the eight end-men and the interlocutor, Billy Rice and Pete Mack doing the leading fun-provoking. After over an hour of this the olio performance began, and was far in advance of anything of the kind heretofore presented in Detroit. The clog tournament and plantation song-and-dance, each participated in by 12 performers, were rapturously applauded; indeed, the entire performance was altogether extra good.

FROM THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.—Detroit Opera-house.—Haverly's Minstrels, the largest and in all respects the most remarkable organization of that kind in the United States, opened at the Detroit Opera-house last night to a rousing audience. The entertainment is fresh, racy and animated to a degree rarely seen, a fact to which the audience bore testimony in shrieks of laughter and encores "too numerous to mention." The first-part witticisms have the distinguishing merit of newness, and the olio is simply irresistible. Among the leading features of the latter are the clog tournament, introducing twelve dancers, an equal number in a unique song and dance, and a comic act entitled "Let Him Go." The California Quartet were received with great enthusiasm, and the operatic burlesque "The Charming Kellogg" kept the house in a tumult of laughter every moment of its progress.

FROM THE DETROIT TELEGRAPH.—People seem to have remembered that in the past all the entertainments given in this city under the management of Mr. J. H. Haverly have been first-class, and that is doubtless one reason why the Detroit Opera-house contained so large an audience last evening on the occasion of the first appearance of Haverly's mammoth minstrel company. The performance was exactly what it was advertised to be. There were forty performers who, in the first-part, were seated upon successive raised steps reaching to the back of the stage. In front sat the vocalists and the eight end men, the instrumentalists occupying the rear seats. The first-part was made excellent by the singing of such vocalists as Dixon, Napier, Roe and French, and irresistibly funny by the jokes and witticisms of Billy Rice, Peter Mack and their assistants on either end. Everything was fresh, bright and attractive, the olio being especially noticeable for the introduction of a statue-clog, in which twelve dancers participated. Later in the evening the mammoth song-and-dance team made its appearance and completely captured the audience. Quite a number of encores were given. Besides this, there were in the olio Adams and Lee, two very clever performers upon a dozen or more instruments; Billy Rice, with a very funny discourse upon the silver question; quartet-singing by the four Californians mentioned above; and two very funny farces. The performances lasted nearly three hours, and probably no one in the audience ever enjoyed so much negro minstrelsy for the money as they did last night.

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